W B Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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WHAT WE MUST DO ABOUT IT.

CITIZEN HERCULES, MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF THE DIRT AND *THE CAUSE*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 9, 1881.

NEW STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

The opening chapters of a new story by this popular novelist, entitled

"THE WOMAN WHO SAVED HIM,"

will be found in this number of Harper's Weekly.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

With this number of Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive gratuitously a* Four-page Supplement, *containing sketches in the Island of Rotumah, and the conclusion of* "Asphodel."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 74 of Harper's Young People, *issued March 29, contains "The Magic Wand," a story of old Wilmington, by* Howard Pyle, *illustrated by the author; an interesting paper on "Mountain-Peaks," illustrated; Chapter Sixteen of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby makes his first appearance in the ring, before the public, as a rider, illustrated; "A Hero in Seven Pieces," by* Mary A. Barr; *"In, Out of the Storm," the story of a lamb, illustrated; a full-page picture entitled "Washing-Day"; "How the Boys Fooled Uncle Budge," a capital story for the 1st of April, by* Kate R. McDowell; *Chapter Nine of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a full page of musical "Pinafore Rhymes," with six illustrations; a very interesting Post-office Box; "The Tally-Ho," an illustrated poem; Puzzles, a Personation, Comics, and a variety of other interesting matter.*

THE REPUBLICAN RESTORATION.

THE Republican organization of the Senate secures to the Republicans the control of every branch of the government, although the Senate is held only by the vote of Mr. Mahone, who supported General Hancock for the Presidency, and who was elected in a Democratic State. He owes nothing, however, to the Democratic party, which as a party bitterly opposed him, and he has declared his independence in the Senate itself. This complete Republican restoration within six years is a remarkable political event, from which, as the divines are wont to say, several lessons may be drawn. They are not obscure lessons, but, on the contrary, they are very evident. Twelve years ago there seemed to be no good reason that the Republicans should not hold power for a generation. They had ended the war unconditionally. They had emancipated the slaves, and established equal suffrage. They had inflicted no vindictive penalties. They asked only fair play for all, and obedience to the laws. Yet five years later they had lost the House of Representatives, and in four years from that loss the Senate slipped from their control, and only after a very doubtful and dangerous struggle did they retain the Executive. The reason of this decline is not to be found in the suppression of the colored vote alone. The results in other parts of the country show that the party had lost popular confidence; and the recovery of that confidence, so that the party enters upon its twenty-first year of administration in complete control of every branch of the government, is one of the most interesting of political incidents.

If there be any relation between the results of elections and popular conviction, this restoration of confidence was due to the perception that the Republican party had shown its ability to disembarrass itself of tendencies which had alarmed the country. To this must be added the proof afforded by the Democratic party during its legislative supremacy that it promised no real relief. These two considerations, combined with the general prosperity, produced the positive and unquestioned Republican success at the last election. In this position it is plain that the most unfortunate course which the Administration could pursue would be a palpable return to the situation which alienated the country from the party. If, indeed, a party contained no critics, and if all independence and "wrong-headedness" could be summarily suppressed by incessant billingsgate, the course of a party administration would be smooth and delightful. But as this is precisely what can not be done, it is necessary to pursue some other policy than opening the flood-gates of vituperation.

The character and significance of the appointments made by the Administration, the disposition to retain or to discard agents whose service has been efficient and faithful, as well as measures of legislation and changes of administrative methods, will be closely scanned. No administration will have been judged more exclusively by its merits than this. Party names and divisions exist, but there are no great questions which hold all members of the parties together. The sole actual question, indeed, which separates parties is the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States. In this situation the details of the administration—its personal character, so to speak—are attentively studied. How skillfully it has begun we have already noted, and may the same skill continue! There are those who have uneasily anticipated a "dashing" and dangerous foreign policy from Mr. Blaine. But his career shows a political tact which should relieve such apprehension. There has been fear that Mr. Windom's votes in the Senate foretold doubtful financial courses. But there has never been any doubt of the President's financial course, and that will determine the financial policy of the administration. There are certain abuses in the Post-office Department, and opportunities of advantageous change of methods. Is there any doubt that Mr. James will remedy the one and improve the other? In every cabinet discussion of great questions of administration is there any apprehension that Mr. MacVeagh's sagacity and force and candor will desert him? The President and his cabinet seem to us to be peculiarly fitted to deal with the precise situation in which they find themselves. The responsibility of guiding the Republican restoration is very great. We do not expect certainly to approve every act, but we shall be greatly disappointed if we do not approve the general spirit of the administration of the restoration, as we did that of the late administration, which made the restoration possible.

REFORM BY "FIXED TERMS."

ALL the letters from Washington speak of the overwhelming torrent of office-seekers pressing upon the President and upon every department. The anxiety of the incumbents is as intense and universal as the greedy eagerness of the applicants. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* declares that the "brazen crowd" "is daily assassinating the President," and the correspondent of the New York *Times* describes him as utterly exhausted and disgusted. The most vivid picture of this humiliating spectacle is Mr. Parton's description of the beginning of Jackson's administration. This chapter has been reprinted, with his permission, in the series of publications of the Civil Service Reform Association, and it is a powerful exposure of the folly and cruelty and danger of the system in which the country now acquiesces, as well as a forcible argument for its correction. President Garfield is a man of great intelligence and of great experience. He has frequently shown a singularly clear apprehension of the real character of the abuses in the civil service, and of the fact that they spring from the purely partisan basis of the service as now conducted. It would be interesting to know whether he thinks that those abuses would be remedied, or even much alleviated, by the fixed term of office which he recommends.

This fixed term, it will be understood, is proposed for the minor places which are filled without reference to the Senate. Most of the offices to which appointments are made with the consent of the Senate, excepting judicial positions, are already of a fixed term. The commissions of postmasters and customs officers, for instance, run for four years, and President Garfield's proposal of a fixed term applies to the subordinates whom such officers appoint. Thus the Collector of New York is commissioned to serve for four years, unless sooner removed. There are perhaps nearly twelve hundred positions in his gift, and it is to those twelve hundred that the fixed term would be applied. Would this arrangement increase the efficiency of the service? It seems to us that it would not, and for obvious reasons. It would at once destroy subordination. Every clerk in a bureau would snap his fingers at his chief. Like Charles Lamb, he would make up for coming late by going early, and he would know that removal "for cause" is a very vague, prolonged, and doubtful procedure. The secret of efficiency in a bureau is strict subordination and responsibility. These would certainly not be promoted by a fixed term. Would the fixed term prevent the political interference which is the chief evil of the present system? Obviously again, very little. There would be the constant effort from the outside to find "cause" for removal, and the consciousness of the effort would be most demoralizing to the incumbent. Then the fixed term is of itself an intimation that it covers the period for which any individual should expect to hold place. This would merely whet the appetite of the expectants to get in, and stimulate the incumbent to desperate endeavors to keep in; and as the terms would be constantly expiring, there would be the same tremendous pressure and contest that we now see. In the eager hope of holding on, the incumbents would yield to the extortion of assessments, and fawn upon politicians, and seek for influence. Fidelity and efficiency would be of as small account as they now are; and neither the dictation of Congress, which the President condemns, nor the pressure of office-seekers, which disgusts him and everybody else, would be appreciably diminished.

If the object of reform be, as we hold, to obtain the best service in the best way, the old method of selection by personal influence and favoritism must be changed, because that method is the source of the abuses and evils which are universally admitted. The swarm of office-seekers infesting the White House and the departments, and actually stopping the public business, the dictation of Congress, the insolence of Senatorial bosses, the outrage of assessments, the demoralization of the public agents, the rapidly increasing venality of politics—all the infamies and absurdities of the spoils system—spring directly from the practice of selection by personal and political favor. Until that is corrected, the evil will remain. Yet if Congress should fix the subordinate terms, it would be an acknowledgment of a vice in the present system which we should gladly welcome as a good sign of progress. But it would be like the preliminary movement in England which sought reform by giving to the Ministry the power of nomination for examination. The pressure was merely shifted from a struggle for appointment to one for nomination. It was soon seen that as long as favoritism was allowed, nothing was really gained, and it was not long before the inherent and necessary evils of patronage were removed by a free and fair competition. That is the only equal and American method for securing the most economical and efficient service, and for correcting the admitted evils of the spoils system.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

THE urgent occasion of an extra session is to provide for the refunding of the five and six per cent. bonds, and the expectation is that a plan will be adopted which, without the objectionable parts of the scheme vetoed by President Hayes, will refund at a much lower rate of interest. There is little doubt that any unfair compulsory measure against the national banks, like that attempted in the Carlisle section of the late bill, would probably defeat the bill. By common consent the national banking system is the best in the world; and while it may be susceptible of amendment, any wise change should be effected in a friendly and not a hostile spirit. Refunding legislation proposed upon the theory that the national banking system is a public enemy would be properly abortive. It is undoubtedly practicable to refund at a lower rate, but not at the expense of the financial system of the country.

But should Congress assemble, it will not limit its action to a refunding bill. The House, having chosen a Speaker and appointed its committees, will proceed to other measures. One of these undoubtedly should be the adoption of Mr. Blaine's resolution, offered at the opening of the present executive session of the Senate, providing for a committee to report a plan of determining the method of counting and declaring the Presidential vote. There is no more pressing duty than such a provision. The necessity of it has been disclosed by experience. By the perils of 1876, and the probability of a close electoral vote as long as the solidity of the South continues, the country has been fairly warned; and as the Republicans will have complete control of the government, they will have also entire responsibility for this necessary action. Neglect of it will be justly regarded with surprise as a deliberate abandonment of an imperative duty. Another measure which will be probably proposed is investigation of disputed Southern elections. This, also, is a subject of the highest importance, upon which it is desirable that there should be precise information laid before the country. The practice of apportioning a Representative to a certain population, and of a certain part of that population suppressing the votes of the rest and controlling the representation, is radical treason to American institutions, to which it would be contemptible to submit. No duty is plainer than the rigorous refusal of a seat in the House to every claimant whose claim evidently rests upon a crime. The emphasis which the President laid upon this subject in his inaugural address was not disproportioned to its importance, while the burning of the Court-house in Kemper County, Mississippi, to destroy evidence in the Chisolm murder cases, is an illustration of the spirit which inspires the suppression of the vote, and which seeks by such means to obtain power and to control the government. A journal recently spoke of the Republicans as "keeping open" the Southern question because they did not dare to undertake real legislation. This is very silly talk, in view of the fact that the Southern question is made by Democratic crimes like the Chisolm murder—which was not a simple event, but part of a system—and the violent suppression of the vote.

There are other subjects which might be proposed for Congressional action at the extra session. But a judicious refunding bill, the initiation of the regulation of the Presidential election, and investigation of the disputed Southern elections, would be a programme which, if properly carried out, would satisfy the country that it had not done unwisely in recalling the Republican party to complete direction of the government. The majority in the Senate, although it has secured a Republican organization, is insecure, and in the House it is not large. This should restrain party recklessness, and admonish Republicans to confide less in possible ability to pass measures than in their evident practical value.

THE TYRANNY OF ANARCHY.

THE wrongs inflicted by great despotisms are vast and irremediable, but it does not follow that the spirit which takes the form of opposition to them may not be as inhuman and criminal. Nihilism is a conspiracy of murder, in which the enemies of human rights and of human nature are quite as conspicuous as any who wear crowns, and are called emperor or king. It is well understood that Russian aristocrats are among the most fervent Nihilists, and that the plots aimed at the Czar minister to the gratification of the meanest private revenge and hostility. The wrongs of tyranny, of Siberian exile, of summary and remediless arrest, are pleaded as the justification of the crimes of Nihilism. Those wrongs are great and not to be extenuated, but the crimes of Nihilism are no better than those of despotism, and every sane man would choose despotism as the alternative of anarchy. The conspirators who profess so tender a feeling for the people do not hesitate to kill the most innocent persons for the chance of injuring a prince. The men who threw the bombs at the Czar were not in the least restrained by the knowledge that they would maim and kill the most harmless of those for whom they professed to be acting.

At the beer orgy in this city, in which there was the most uproarious delight expressed at the murder of the Czar, there was not a word of sympathy or of recognition of the innocent people who were murdered with him. There was no thought of them, and no care for them, and the spirit of the debauch was a fitting illustration of that of the brutal business called Nihilism. Some one said that governments which did not do their duty ought not to be tolerated. In the same way people who do not do their duty ought not to be tolerated. So, of course, everybody is to murder his neighbor who does not act as the murderer thinks that he ought to act; and whenever anybody is of opinion that a government is misbehaving, he is to kill people right and left by way of not tolerating the government. The *Express*, in an extraordinary article, says that "there is a significance in the diabolical deed which not a few men in this country would do well to ponder." And it proceeds to insinuate that certain very rich men, who may misuse their wealth, may be in danger of the Czar's fate. Nothing could more certainly harm the cause which the *Express* probably wishes to aid than such implications as this.

There is a great and a very just alarm in this country at the increasing power of vast consolidations of capital. The alarm springs from the fact that the power is unscrupulously used for purposes of corruption, and that success in such use destroys the government itself. With political equality, a free vote, and honest representation, we may defy all danger from within or from without. But the vast corruption possible to an unscrupulous use of enormous wealth counterbalances political equality. Should there be a private interest so vast, of such ample resources, and so unscrupulous as to attempt to buy up legislatures and courts and the press, it would assail the foundations of the government, because it would destroy the power of the ballot by perverting its result. This is, we say, a growing apprehension. But to pursue a course which tends to identify this apprehension and the measures springing from it with Communism and Nihilism and assassination, is to rally the great conservative body of the American people to the defense of monopoly, so assailed, as preferable to anarchy.

A greater enemy to liberty suddenly appears, and all other contests are abandoned in order to exterminate the common peril. It is this kind of blunder which has always wounded great causes. These are the crimes perpetrated in the name of liberty which infinitely strengthen despotism. Monopoly is a plain danger which can be plainly discussed and legally and peacefully remedied. But if the alternative should be presented or implied of monopoly or Nihilism, of monopoly or Communism, the red madmen of Paris, VERA SASSALITCH, and ROCHEFORT, there would be no doubt of the American choice.

THE McCARTHY CHARTER.

WHEN the McCARTHY New York charter was introduced into the Legislature, we pointed out some of its undesirable provisions, especially that of the immediate spring election. The charter has now been revised and changed, and while it would be hazardous to pronounce specifically upon all its provisions, it is obvious that its adoption would open the opportunity for very great improvement in municipal administration, unless the adverse influences that always lie in wait for city charters should totally derange this before its passage. The main characteristics of the McCARTHY charter are a concentration of responsibility in the Mayor; the overthrow of the non-partisan commissions, an old device of the "Ring"; the abolition of offices and the reduction of salaries; the appointment by the Mayor of three "citizen commissioners" to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; and an endeavor to exclude politics from minor appointments. This is a very important bill. It is by far the most important measure which has been proposed in the Legislature during the present session. It promises better government for the city, and it is generally warmly approved by the city press.

Under these circumstances the Republican majority can not evade its responsibility. It is an immense majority. The bill is reported by a Republican committee. It is a good bill, and it is approved by those whom it will affect. If the majority suffer it to be defeated, or to be amended so as to become valueless, the Republicans will have to reckon with the voters at the next election. Upon one point involved there has been an unmistakable expression of public opinion. The street-cleaning meeting in this city was a very significant and representative assembly. It protested against the official imbecility which allows the streets to lie in a condition which may breed a pestilence, and it demanded prompt and effective legislation to remedy the evil. Now this charter, as it stands before tinkering, supplies this legislation. It charges the Mayor with the duty of cleaning the streets. He is to appoint a superintendent of cleaning, and when the dirty streets threaten a plague, and cover the city with disgrace as well as with disease, everybody will justly hold the Mayor responsible. This is as it should be. When there is individual responsibility, there will probably be efficiency. If the Republican Legislature should disregard so plain an expression of the public desire, the Republican party would pay the penalty. It may be wiser to pass a separate bill for the purpose, but either by a separate bill or by the charter provision, the object should be secured.

THE NEW YORK NOMINATIONS.

THE President's New York nominations seem to dispose finally of the celebrated treaty of Mentor, and yet they leave him master of the situation. From the New York view, the situation is this: Certain officers friendly to Mr. CONKLING have been renominated; but the Post-office is given to a gentleman who will administer it strictly upon business principles, and the Custom-house is intrusted to a conspicuous anti-machine leader. This is evidently not "a surrender," whatever else it may be, and a great deal of exultation over Mr. CONKLING'S unquestioned supremacy seems to have been premature, and a great deal of contemptuous chaff at the foolish expectations of "half-breeds" to have been wasted.

Politically speaking, the meaning of these appointments is that no faction or wing of the party in the State controls the President. They seem to go far, also, to justify the expectation which we expressed some time since, that while the Administration would be strictly Republican, with the accepted party methods, it would not be distinctively a reform Administration. No fault is found with General MERRITT, as is shown by his nomination to the Consul-Generalship at London, but the Administration thinks it to be desirable to appoint another Collector. It has been suggested that the nomination means that the Administration intends to pursue the usual course, holding that reform is premature until sanctioned by Congress, or by some decided expression of public opinion. But if it means a return to the spoils system, it undoubtedly means, also, the loss to the Administration of a support which it can ill spare. Those who demand of the Republican party a progressive policy upon this subject would hardly see with equanimity the abandonment of the movement so admirably and successfully begun at the Custom-house.

Personally, Judge ROBERTSON is a gentleman of the highest character. He is one of the best-known public men in the State, and he has great political experience. His political sympathy with Secretary BLAINE is familiar, and it was mainly to Judge ROBERTSON'S courage a year ago in resisting the unwarrantable effort of "the machine" to silence the voice of the districts in expressing their preference for a Presidential candidate that the nomination and consequent election of General GARFIELD became possible. His official action, like that of General MERRITT, so far as matters of minor appointment are concerned, will depend upon the President. General GARFIELD'S known conviction that wise reform can proceed only from legislative action binds him to recommend such action to Congress, but it does not pledge him to attempt reform by the Executive power alone. Yet he knows how large and powerful a body of his political friends will watch his action with the utmost interest, and how significant would be an abandonment of sound methods already established.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

GENERAL GRANT'S resignation of the presidency of the Great Exhibition must be regarded as a signal of the possible abandonment of the enterprise. He is going away for some months, but had he been persuaded of the probable success of the undertaking, it may be assumed that he would have retained his position.

There has been from the first great public indifference to the movement, due to various causes. The contest or difference between the two initiatory or organizing committees has not been favorable to popular enthusiasm or to large subscriptions. The conditional subscription of comparatively small sums from those who were expected to subscribe great sums unconditionally has also chilled the ardor of munificence, as indicating great doubt of the result. The raid upon the Central Park as a site has also aroused general and positive opposition, while there has been doubtless a feeling that the time is not yet ripe for another World's Fair.

Whatever the reasons may be, it is evident that the prospect is very doubtful. General GRANT testifies to the energy and courage of his associates upon the committee, of which no one could have any doubt, and a very short time will probably determine whether those qualities are equal to the task of pushing the enterprise to success.

POLITICS AND DIRTY STREETS.

A CAPITAL illustration of the value of political street-cleaning occurs in a late *Herald* letter from Albany. It seems that the capital, also, is not perfectly clean, and a body of laborers employed about the new Capitol were directed to remove some of the superfluous mud in the streets around it. They viewed the mud, and deliberated, and finally appointed a committee to wait upon Comptroller WADSWORTH and remonstrate. The spokesman stated the case pathetically to that officer, and informed him that the body of public functionaries which the committee represented were appointed "for politics, and not for hod-carrying." But Comptroller WADSWORTH was perversely of the opinion that they were appointed to earn the wages which the people were taxed to pay them, and insisted that they should go to work. No wonder that the Cooper Institute resolutions demand that the cleaning of the streets shall not be left to men appointed "for politics."

"MORE UNDER-WAISTCOATS; THEN—NOTHING."

THE glamour that formerly surrounded royalty was effectually dissipated by Miss BURNEY'S diary of the court of GEORGE the Third. The work of disillusion was continued by the GREVILLE memoirs, and now FITZGERALD'S *Life of George the Fourth*, just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," strips more of the veil away. THACKERAY'S famous gibe of "waistcoats, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then—nothing," is the most familiar portrait of GEORGE the Fourth, and there was never more contemptuous satire than THACKERAY'S proposed inscriptions in *Punch* for the Georgian statues.

But the book of Mr. FITZGERALD, which is written in no spirit of hostility, is an extraordinary and detailed picture of the utter and elaborate worthlessness of the Prince Regent. It makes the loyalty of English gentlemen to those whom they must personally despise almost incredible, and a work like this is the most "democratic" and "radical" possible. For it inevitably forces upon every reasoning reader in England the question, "What do we gain by a regal fiction of this kind maintained at enormous expense?"

It is the theory of FREDERIC HARRISON, and of other thinkers of the extreme radical school, that England is a republic without knowing it. In certain ways, indeed, their English executive administration responds to the popular will much more promptly than in this country. But while in this sense the English form of government may be described as republican, the English feeling, as BAGEHOT remarked, is singularly monarchical. But the most monarchical feeling could not long hold out against a bombardment of such books as FITZGERALD'S *Life of George the Fourth.*

AN UNJUST LAW.

UPON another page our artist gives vivid emphasis to our recent article upon the unjust law which imprisons the witness of a crime while it suffers the criminal to go at large upon bail. A recent visit to this house of detention disclosed a lamentable situation. In a small and stifling room, of not more than twelve by fifteen feet space, about twenty men were cooped up, some playing cards, some lying on the dirty floor, and others lounging upon benches. Among them was one man who had been held for more than five months, whose family is starving, and whose wife is begging in the streets. A young boy of sixteen has been incarcerated for eight months as a witness in a counterfeiting case—a decent, mannerly lad when he came, but now laziness and bad company have ruined him, and he will leave this house of detention only to drift into a prison. There are also "professional" witnesses, who are useful to make up cases against liquor-dealers, lottery men, and policy shops.

The windows are heavily barred, and the doors are formed of heavy iron bars, like a prison, but the food scarcely as good as prison fare. The women's quarters differ only in being larger. The small rear yard is choked with closets—damp, mouldy, and repulsive. From February, 1880, to February, 1881, there were probably between 600 and 650 inmates; the highest number at one time about fifty; the smallest, twenty; and the longest term during the year, ten months.

It is an unjust law, and the institution is a disgrace. If it is not necessary to imprison witnesses in England, it is unnecessary here, and the practice is there unknown. Magna Charta declared that no free man could be held in prison save on charge or conviction of crime, or for debt. Yet we have known a young woman who complained of a vile personal assault to be actually detained in jail against the trial, while the criminal was at large. This is a wrong which ought not to be tolerated. It is a blot upon our civilization.

PERSONAL.

MR. ROBERT R. HITT, who succeeds Colonel JOHN HAY as Assistant Secretary of State, is in every respect admirably fitted for the position. His experience as an officer of the Senate, his knowledge of affairs, his scholarship, and his long familiarity with diplomatists and diplomacy, have given him an exceptional training for the office. Americans who have visited Paris during the last seven years will attest the prompt and unfailing courtesy with which they were treated by Mr. HITT during his secretaryship of legation. Mr. HITT is happily in the possession of a handsome competence of his own, while his wife has recently inherited a fortune of some millions. He will therefore be able to consult his refined and hospitable tastes in exercising those amenities which are so charming in official life.

—Notwithstanding so much of his time is given to looking into the merits of the various charities to which he so bountifully contributes, Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY still finds leisure to go through his duties as president of the Metropolitan National Bank. Not long since, when President HAYGOOD, of Emory College, Georgia, was in New York, Mr. SENEY, entirely unsolicited, gave his check for $10,000 to complete the fund for the endowment of the Lovick Pierce Professorship there. It is also said that he has authorized President HAYGOOD to draw on him for $20,000 more to erect a building which the growing needs of the college demand.

—The Cleveland *Leader* states that President GARFIELD recently said that for twenty years after her husband died, his mother scarcely ever had the comforts, much less the luxuries, of life. "And now," added the President, "it has been my study to promote her happiness and comfort in every way possible, in order to make up for the privation she suffered during my boyhood. She has the best room in my house, and there is nothing she wants but what she always has. Whenever I go to Mentor, she always accompanies me. When I return to Washington, she always comes back with me. Whenever she wishes to go to New Hampshire to visit her relatives, she goes, and I always go with her. In that manner I am trying to make up to her what she was deprived of during the days of her sore poverty."

—Mrs. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Jun., maintains the family reputation for talent, being known in Boston as a worker of remarkable embroidery, one piece of which, of her own design, she has just sold for $500. It represents the lower sash of a window, through which the star-lit Charles River is seen. The surface is dark blue satin, in three frames of ebony, to represent the whole window-frame.

—Senator TRUMBULL, of Illinois, who served from 1865 to 1873, and was regarded as one of the ablest members of the Senate, once said to a young lawyer who came to him with an application for a government appointment: "I presume you can have the place; but before I take a step in that direction, I feel like giving you one word of counsel. If you take office in Washington, you will ruin your whole life. You will never know how to live without office afterward, and no office can surround a man with the fortune of a gentleman."

—Mr. JOHN PARNELL, a brother of the Irish agitator, has a peach orchard in Alabama which has yielded seventy thousand dollars' worth of peaches. Mr. P. came to this country ten years ago, and buying an old cotton farm, gradually transformed it into this orchard. He is getting wealthy. He is always first to have early peaches in the market, and receives large prices.

—The Boston *Herald*, writing of distinguished authors whose earlier works were rejected by publishers, names CARLYLE, THACKERAY, KINGLAKE, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE as having passed through that pleasant ordeal. It also mentions that JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY underwent the humiliation of receiving his manuscript of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* back from the famous publisher JOHN MURRAY, of London, with thanks and compliments. But his first disappointment was when, after he had spent several years in the collection of the material and sketching and laying out his work, he heard that PRESCOTT was preparing a *History of Philip II.* MOTLEY was almost crushed by the news. He felt that he would have to renounce forever a long-cherished idea, and probably give up his career as author. He had long had the intention of writing some kind of a history, making the choice of subject a second thought; but this subject had attracted him, and he was absorbed in it. He felt the necessity to write the book over which he had thought so much, but no disposition to write on another subject. He went to PRESCOTT, and frankly explained his position. PRESCOTT treated MOTLEY in the same noble spirit with which SCOTT had treated ROBERT CHAMBERS on a similar occasion, and encouraged and supported him in every possible manner. Had the result of the interview been otherwise, MOTLEY said that he would have laid aside his pen forever.

—The new United States Senator from Iowa, Mr. McDILL, is described as rather thickset, and below the medium height. He has a ruddy, frank face, and a deep scar under his right eye; his head is large and well-shaped. His demeanor is quiet and reserved, but he has indications of a firm and persistent purpose. The first impression made on the observer is that here is a man who will be fair and considerate of everybody about him, but will not be pushed around by anybody. He was, until his appointment, one of the Railroad Commissioners of Iowa, and was at his home in Afton, about twenty miles from the southern line of the State, when the vacancy in the Senate occurred.

—Notwithstanding the hopeless character of his illness was perfectly well known to the late Senator CARPENTER, it did not apparently affect his general habit of taking genial views of things or indulging in his usual jocularity. The evening before he died, after being told that he could not possibly survive much longer, he insisted upon getting up, which the attending physician forbade, and was endeavoring to make him remain quiet, when Judge McARTHUR entered. "Is that you, MAC?" asked CARPENTER. "Yes, MATT, it's I. But you must lie quiet now." There was the old twinkle of the eyes and the toss of the head as the dying Senator replied, "Well, judge, I'm prepared to argue that motion right now." Mr. CARPENTER suffered excruciating pain, and in his agony wanted an explanation of the cause. "The pain is caused, Senator," replied a physician, "by a stoppage of the colon." "Stoppage of the colon, eh?" and again the sense of humor overcame pain itself: "well, then, of course it isn't a full stop."

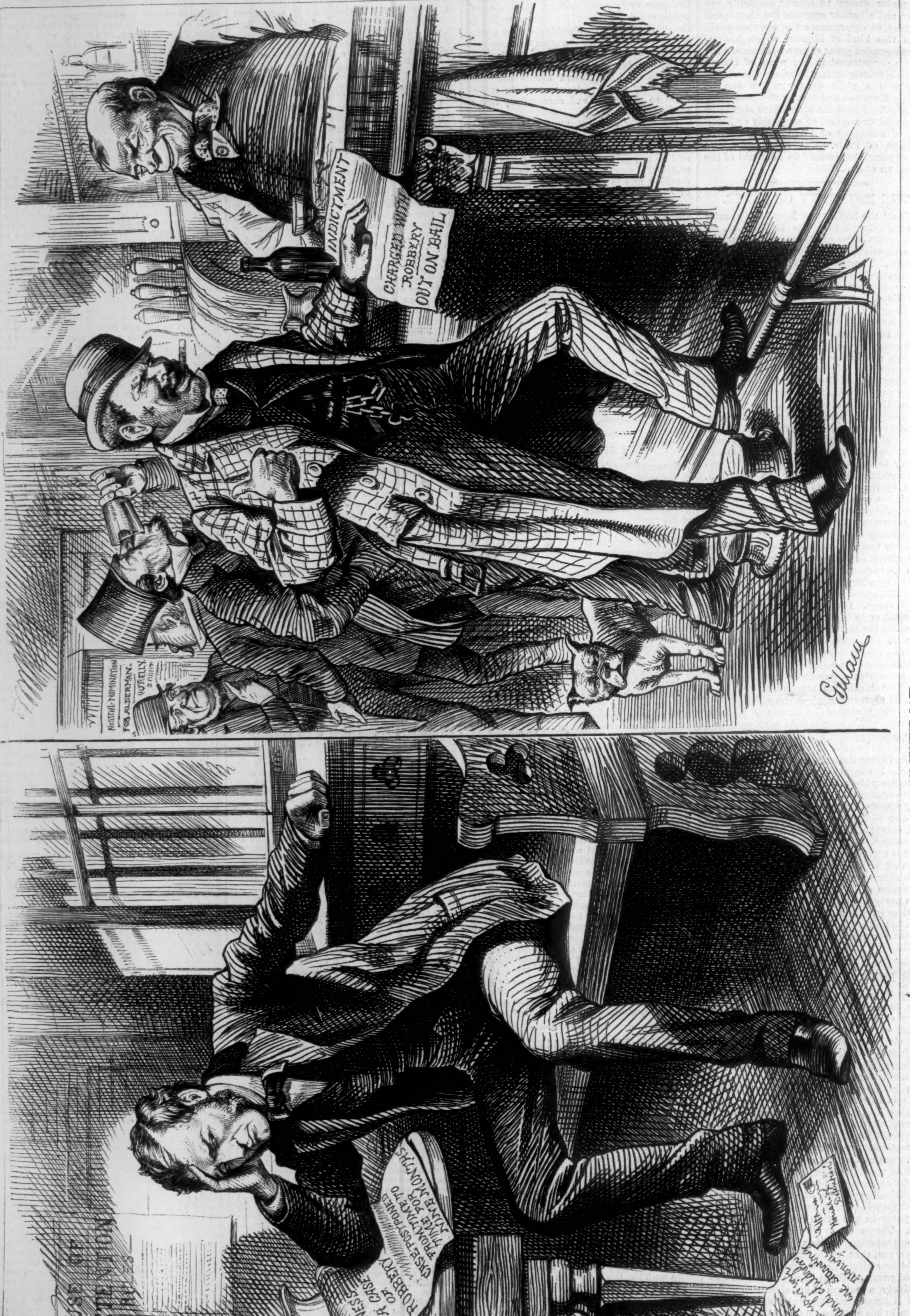
—The suicide of General UPTON is one of the saddest that has of late occurred. Without question he was one of the finest soldiers as well as one of the most accomplished officers in the army; a man so pure and noble and manly as to have won the regard of his comrades in every branch of the service. His was the only instance in the regular army where a man of forty had attained the rank of full colonel of artillery. He was a widower without children. From his pay and the income from his copyrights he was in receipt of about $10,000 per annum, and had other profitable investments. It was scarcely possible to have a more delightful position or brighter prospects. Unfortunately he was sorely afflicted with asthma, and for a year or more had been greatly and constantly troubled with a buzzing in the head, for which he was for some time prior to going to California under medical treatment in Philadelphia. The intelligence of his melancholy end was a shock to his large circle of friends in this city, who knew and admired his many noble and lovable qualities.

—President GARFIELD'S private secretary is Mr. J. S. BROWN, of Washington—a young gentleman of about twenty-two, with very pleasant, genial manners.

—This anecdote is related of Senator MAHONE by one who has known him long: "I saw him sitting, girl fashion, on his horse, at Gettysburg, just as the general engagement of the second day was about to begin. He was in a field, alone, away from his command, calmly regarding the enemy on the opposite heights. Approaching, I said, 'General, I think we are on the eve of a great victory.' Without looking around, he replied, with emphasis, 'Why, sir, we are on the eve of the most disastrous defeat of the war.'"

—The many friends of Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX will be glad to know that the King of Siam has done him special honor. Our consul in that country has addressed him a letter which says: "I have great pleasure in sending you the diploma and jewel of a Knight of the most exalted Order of the White Elephant, which his Majesty the King of Siam has been pleased to confer upon you. You are the first American citizen who has won this distinction." Colonel KNOX'S *Boy Travellers in Siam and Java* is one of the most interesting books of its class that have been published. It has already run through three editions, and is still in active demand. His Siamese Majesty could scarcely have conferred the honor upon one more deserving of it.

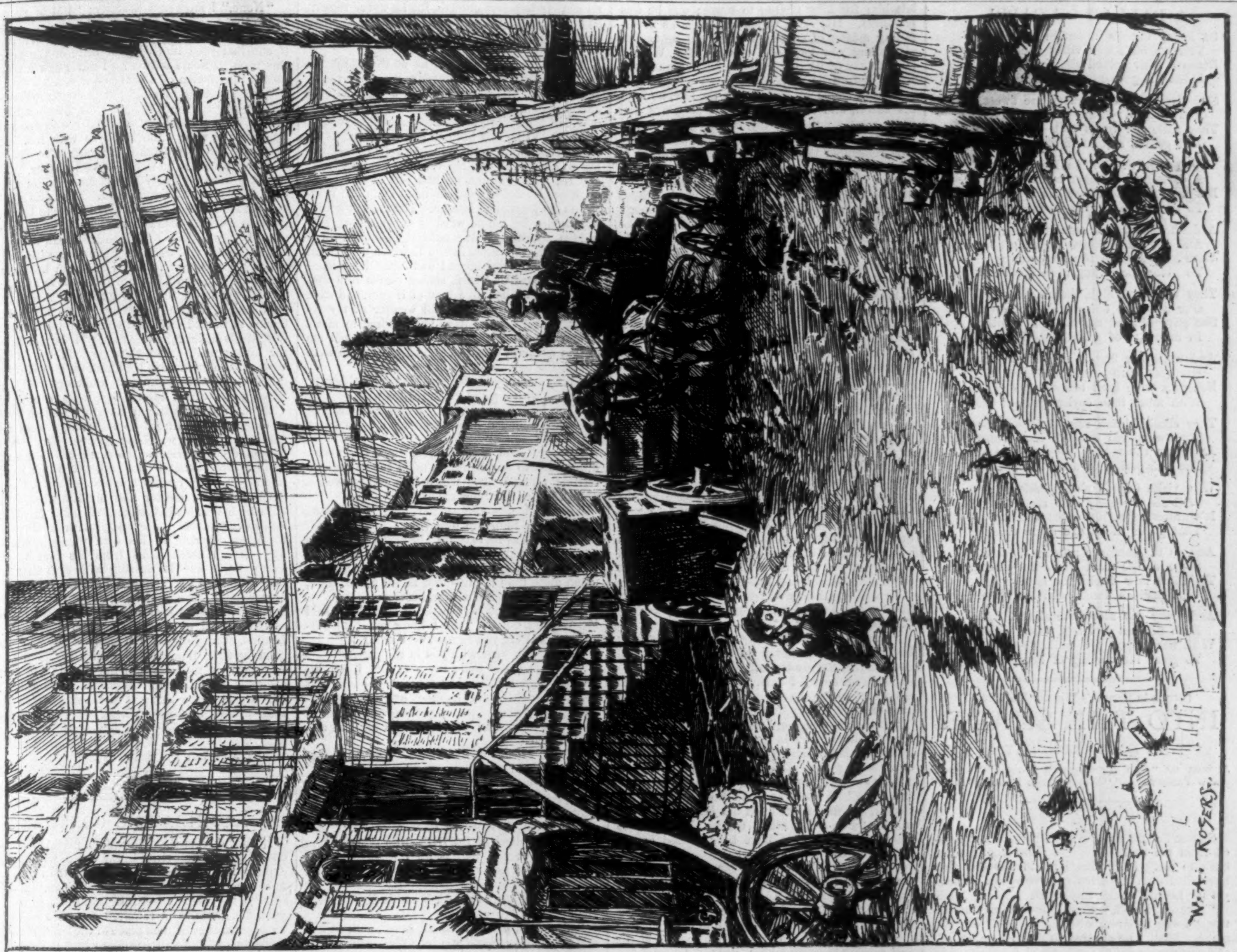
—Some of the personal habits and peculiarities of Mr. GLADSTONE are thus described by one who professes to know whereof he writes: "Mr. GLADSTONE has a healthy appetite that would not discredit a ploughboy, but he likes plain meat, disdains kickshaws, and scarcely knows one wine from another. A gentleman who devotes much of the working of a powerful mind to the subject mentions with horror the Premier's disregard of the times and seasons of a dinner when particular wines shall be drunk. Mr. GLADSTONE (unlike Lord BEACONSFIELD) is a ready and eager talker at a well-filled dinner table. Whilst he is holding forth, the attentive butler fills in succession the numerous glasses at his right hand. When in the course of dinner the Premier feels inclined to drink, he takes the nearest to his hand, and sips, regardless of its particular contents. Embarking once more in conversation, and again returning to the wine-glasses, he will take up another, any one that looks full and is at all handy; and thus he proceeds throughout the dinner, 'mixing his liquor' in a way that would be dangerous to an ordinary man, and is horrifying to the well-regulated mind. But Mr. GLADSTONE is never a penny the worse—or the better—for his refreshment. If the glasses were filled with plain water of different hues, he would probably sip them with equal content."



AN UNJUST LAW.

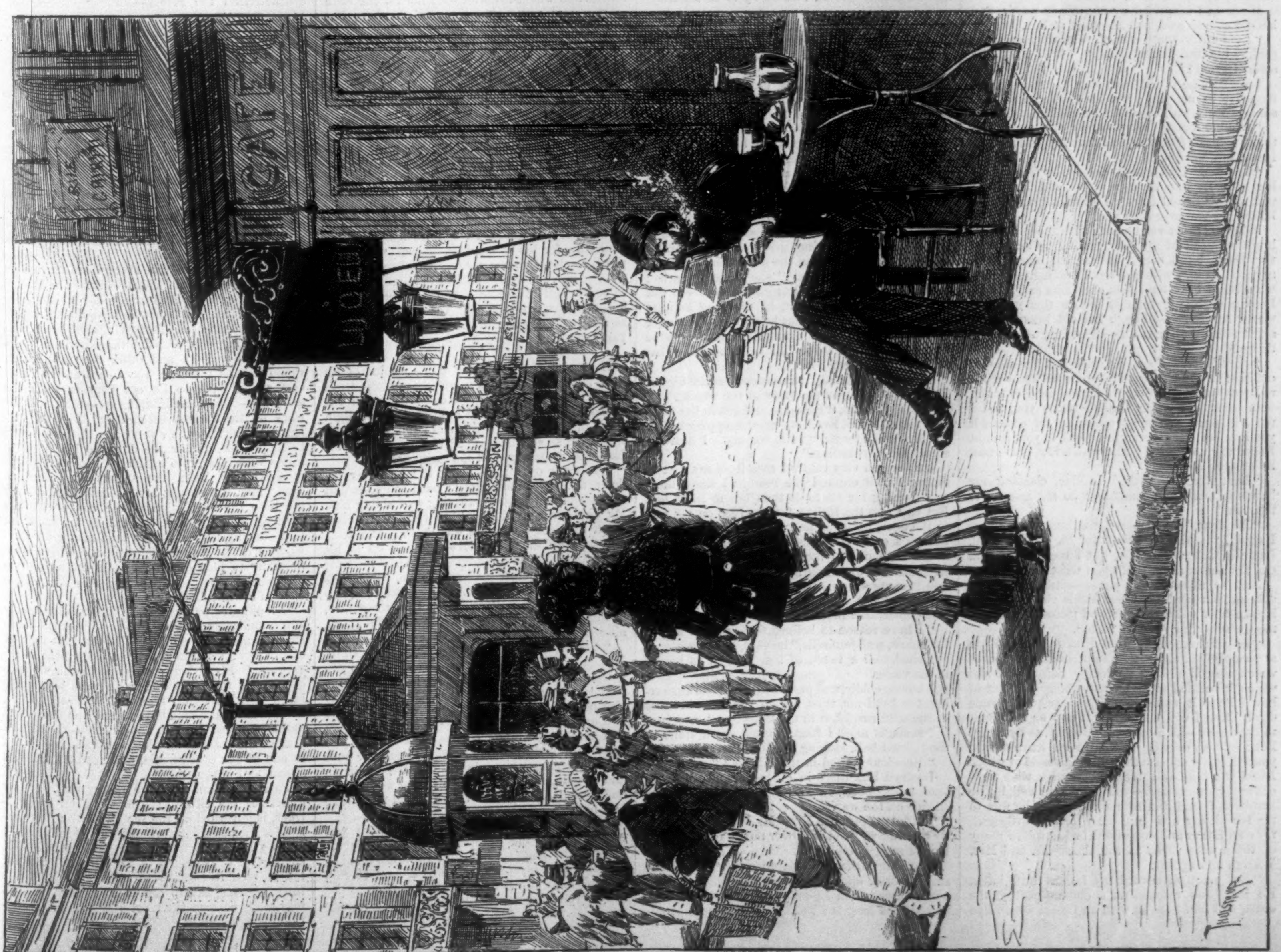
THE INNOCENT WITNESS DETAINED A PRISONER, WHILST— THE CRIMINAL GOES FREE.

See Editorial, page 227.



STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

A HUMILIATING CONTRAST.—[SEE PAGE 230.]



STREET SCENE IN PARIS.

A BALLAD OF CAPRI.

ON sunny Capri's mountain heights
 Tiberius built him villas twelve:
Beneath their ruined shadows now
 Laborious peasants dig and delve.

Still Capri's orange groves are sweet,
 And Capri's peasant maids are fair;
They scale her rocks with shoeless feet,
 And golden arrows in their hair.

Where once the Roman Emperor dwelt,
 A dark-eyed stranger came to see,
But all too slender was his strength
 To climb the heights of fair Capri.

A donkey-maid was standing near,
 And soon her glance espied his need;
With gentle grace her help was lent
 To place the stranger on her steed.

They wandered high, they wandered low,
 O'er hill-sides covered with the vine;
She gave him of the island's wealth
 In draughts of golden Capri wine.

And while her fingers held his rein,
 His eyes were turned upon her face;
Her own were bent beneath his glance
 With more than coyish peasant grace.

They climbed each rugged mountain-steep,
 They wandered through each sunny vale,
And soon the golden orange heard
 The whispering of a lover's tale.

Who visits Capri's slopes to-day
 Will see a stately villa rise;
It's glittering turrets greet the sun
 That glows in Capri's azure skies.

And as the stranger mounts the hill,
 Some village maid will point with pride
To where now dwells the stately prince
 Who made a donkey-girl his bride.

And every day along the shore
 Each peasant girl has waited since,
With hand upon her donkey's rein,
 To greet the coming of her prince.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1263.]

INTO THE SHADE.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

IX.

SIGNOR PARATI, as soon as he had entered, looked from me to Leoline, and then from Leoline back to me. I felt that I would almost rather have died than meet his gaze or speak to him; yet for Leoline's sake I did both.

"Signor," I said, without any apparent hesitation, "I wish to speak with Mademoiselle Dorvini alone. Shall I be allowed to do so here, or will she accompany me to my hotel?"

He looked surprised by my steady words, and his old courtesy seemed an effort to him.

"I am unfortunate enough to be too much," he said, in his broken English. "Is it so, Mademoiselle Merrion?"

I am sure he might have seen the scornful affirmative in my face; but he continued with as suave a smile and bow as if he could not do so.

"Leoline has no secrets from me; and I certainly can not flatter myself that my presence affects Miss Merrion."

"It does," I answered, quietly. "This meeting with Leoline is unexpected, and I want to talk to her of old days we spent together years before we had ever seen you."

With my heart yet burning with scorn at hearing him speak of my poor darling by her Christian name, I can hardly understand how I could say that to him with such calm politeness. But what could I not have said and done as I noticed Leoline shrinking humbly before this man, for whom surely she—though her old brave, bright spirit seemed all crushed—must feel a sore contempt?

"Miss Merrion," said he, with just the old fascination in the quick smile which broke over his reckless, handsome face, "I know how deeply and with what just cause Leoline trusts you, and I too will trust you most entirely. Of course, if you love her, her secret will be safe in your hands. I need say no more." And with a low, grave bow he left the room.

"Eve, Eve," whispered Leoline, clasping my hands in sudden vehemence, "do not ask me to tell you."

"My dear," I whispered, soothing her as best I could, "it will be better for me to know all. I hardly understand why, but I feel that it will. Oh, Leoline darling, won't you trust me?"

And so, after a long pause—sitting close beside me, her head bent, her hands clasped in her lap, and her voice very low and piteous—she told me the story for which I waited.

"Do you remember what I used to say to you at school, Eve, about that faint memory of mine which floated always so hazily before me, and which it seemed as if I could not grasp, and of how I knew it would be made clear to me some day? Eve, I will tell you of it now as I know it to have been—all clear—oh, so sadly, sadly clear! Let me hurry over it, for whatever I leave unsaid you will easily understand. In that vessel of which I told you were an English gentleman, then travelling for amusement—you know him well, for he has been friend and father to you, as he was to me for all my life—and his wife and little girl, my own father and myself. You know how many of those were saved at the time—Mr. and Mrs. Warren and myself.

"But years afterward my father came back. He had been rescued on a distant part of the coast, and had been ill with an illness which had left him for long unable to move; and he was penniless. His voice, which had been his neverfailing means of subsistence (do you remember my telling you long ago of what Mrs. Warren used to say of its power and beauty?), was gone now. Before he reached England he heard of my happy home at Hurstone. So, Eve, he kept his secret, and never came; but as years and years went on, the craving to see his little girl grew too strong to be withstood, and he came. You remember the time. He had not meant to go to the house, but only to watch for me—unknown himself—and look upon his child, when he fell, and all was differently arranged without his voice or act. You know how, Eve; for though he had so long kept his own secret, he could not do so when he found himself alone with me. He told me all the truth; and then—and then he claimed obedience from me, and bade me go with him—oh, Heaven forgive me that I dreaded it!—as his own daughter ought to do. He came to us under a feigned name, which he has retained ever since; and he has kept his secret, because his own name is—not honored; and oh, Eve, I can not love him! You may well turn away your face, because he is my own father; but it is true. I can not, can not love him; and yet, oh, I do love the father who was good and kind to me through all my childhood, and whom I can never see again. Eve"—the whisper was breathless with unspeakable terror—"can you see, as I see in the long, dark, wakeful nights, what endless misery the knowledge of my father's career would bring to those who have loved me? Can you see my English father's upright, honorable spirit? Can you see my mother's pain for me? But—but," cried Leoline, the little white fingers gripped tighter and tighter in her lap, "I said I would never think of that. Eve, you know you could not—even you who do not love him—bear that the truth should be told to—Hector."

In the long, heavy silence which followed Leoline's words I could only think one wild, anxious thought.

"Eve, you will go away now"—how slowly Leoline's dry lips uttered the few words!—"and never try to see me again."

"Leoline dear," I said, with an effort not to let my voice betray the agony of doubt which overwhelmed me, "why are you living this life?"

"Because—because," she answered, with sudden wild impatience in her eyes, "how else could we live? My father's voice is gone, and my own can take its place. Did I not tell you it was given me for another purpose than to please—them all at home?" I knew she had been going to say Hector, but dared not trust her lips to form the word. "For what other reason should these means of subsistence have been placed within my power, Eve?"

"Hush, dear!" I cried; "I can not bear to hear your young lips speak so bitterly. I must ask you another question. Did Signor Parati tell you at first that it would fall upon you to provide home and everything else—for him?"

"I suppose so; I forget; but I knew it soon; and he said it grieved him sorely to be a burden on his—child."

"Emphasizing those words, of course," I said, sarcastically. "And did he say that if this could not be done, he should persist in his gambling risks?"

"Hush, Eve! you speak cruelly of him," replied Leoline, pushing back her hair with her trembling hands. "I—I feared it might be so."

"You feared it would be so," I repeated, and my voice was full of the scorn I felt. "He let you believe that such would be the case. Leoline, you are sure that Mr. Warren was on board that vessel when it was wrecked? Did Signor Parati tell you so?"

"No; but once when he was enumerating the crew, he named him—unwittingly, I fancy—and the reason of his being there; and of course I remembered it—hearing the name I love so well. Don't question me more," she added, wearily; "you see yourself how little good it does—or can do. Oh, Eve, I often sit, in my long solitary hours, and pray that in that home which was once mine, under the sunny mountain, I may soon be forgotten, as if I never had been born. What but that can I pray for?"

"Leoline," I asked, "has any one besides Signor Parati ever told you the story of the wreck?"

"No," she said, walking to and fro in the brilliant room. "Oh, Eve," she cried, stopping before me in sudden terror, "he is coming. I hear his step. Go, my darling."

Calmly and very coldly I rose from my seat as Signor Parati entered the room. I knew there was nothing for me to do then but to leave her. But as I met the Italian face to face on my way to the door, I noticed an odd change in him, and though I could not understand it, my heart gave a sudden bound of hope. His face was deathly pale, his lips were angrily drawn from his teeth, and his eyes were fierce and puzzled as he looked from Leoline's down-bent head into my raised, stern, miserable face.

"I have reason to believe that you are waited for below, mademoiselle," he said, his courtesy all vanished, and a touch of fear as well as hatred in his voice.

I bowed coldly, and passed him without answering, for I did not trust myself to speak, because of the wild suspicion in my heart; and then in a few seconds more I found myself down stairs in the lighted hall, looking for Mr. Warren.

"Monsieur waited in the cabriolet."

I joined him there in all haste, and we drove back to our hotel, only a few words breaking the silence on the way.

"I kept my promise, Eve," Mr. Warren said, gently and sadly; "but it is over now, and to-morrow I must see our child. Will she come with us?"

The long misery and doubt and anxiety came surging back upon my brain as he asked the earnest question, and I bent my head on my hands, and sobbed long and loudly. I suppose that was an answer hopeless enough, for he never repeated the question, and we drove on without another word.

X.

A great surprise awaited us at the hotel, for we found Mrs. Warren and Mr. Ransford there. Mr. Ransford accounted for it in a most natural and easy manner, but it was plain to me that not only had Mrs. Warren been too uneasy to remain at home, but he had been so too. He had, as he told me afterward, telegraphed to Hector demanding an answer, and no answer had been received; and so, after waiting, he had felt it useless to hope longer, and had determined to join Mr. Warren on his journey to his son. The mother's anxiety needed for me no word of explanation. Her sudden appearance was natural, inasmuch as it belonged to the vague dream in which we had all seemed to be living since I had found Leoline.

"Mr. Warren," I said, sitting beside him that night, after we had all talked of Hector, and were about to separate, "you will wonder at my request, perhaps, but I have long wished to make it, and I can not resist now. Will you tell me of that wreck in which you and Mrs. Warren were almost the only two saved?"

"Why should you wish for this to-night, dear?" he asked, with a rapid glance at his wife.

"You have never told us," I said, so sadly that my words sounded like a reproach; "you never told even Leoline."

"Never," said Mrs. Warren, wearily. "Why bring back to her excitable mind the vague and terrible remembrance which is scarcely even a remembrance as it now exists?"

"But tell me—please tell me!" I pleaded; "and let Mr. Ransford hear."

"I was just about to retire," he said, afraid of his presence being distasteful, and rising as he spoke.

"Please wait," I said; and my eyes said so much more than my lips that he sat down again, with a quiet smile of comprehension.

"I can tell you very little of that day," said Mr. Warren, quietly, "for I know but little myself. What are you anxious to learn, Eve?"

"First, who were with you in the yacht?"

"That is easily told: my wife and I, our little girl, Signor Dorvini and his wife—both lost—and their little girl (Leoline), and a young Italian gambler who joined us as an acquaintance of Dorvini's, but whom we none of us liked at all; he was saved."

"Yes," I said, breathlessly; "and who was this friend of Leoline's father?"

"What was his name, dear?" he inquired—the question only an excuse for turning to his wife with a gentle, caressing touch upon her arm—"Dell'orta, was it not? The scamp! But he was no friend of Dorvini's, who scorned him heartily, Eve; and that is all I need say about him. He was as strong a contrast to him as all Italy could show."

"Were all lost," I asked, breathlessly, "except you and Mrs. Warren and—"

"The crew were nearly all saved, and, as you know, Leoline was rescued by a fisherman on the coast, from whom my wife took her for the sake of the child with whom she used to play; but never, even through these sorrowful months, have we regretted doing so. Is it not so, love?"

"Oh, is this true?" I cried, interrupting Mrs. Warren's loving assent.

"Quite true, Eve," was the steadfast answer.

Before I went to my room I told Mr. Ransford Leoline's story, feeling relieved and glad when I knew it to be in his hands. He listened very gravely, and then he took my hand for a moment, while he just whispered these few words:

"Eve, could you go alone to Hector? We are all needed here to recognize and defeat this villain, and some one must be with Hector."

Of course I said I would go, never wondering at his stern, angry look when he spoke of the man who, for his own selfish purposes, had imposed so cleverly upon my darling when he found the treasure her voice would be to him. I—I had to go to comfort Hector. And in the early morning, before the others had risen, Mr. Ransford saw me off, only one of the old servants accompanying me.

XI.

Hector and I were sitting at the window of his hotel in Florence, when a travelling-carriage drove up to the door. I saw his cheeks flush at the sound, and pale again, and a quick, brilliant light shine in his eyes for a moment; but I had seen this often since I had joined him three days before, and it only grieved me inexpressibly.

He never owned to being ill; he never lay down, and never complained; but I could see that this secret and intense suffering was killing him. My eyes were fixed upon his white, worn face, when the door behind us was opened, and some one we both knew and loved walked up to his chair, and laid one hand upon it. I saw the start he gave even before he saw Leoline. I saw his eyes, wild and eager, fix themselves upon the tiny hand he knew so well, and then I only saw how, in this great joy, as in that first great grief of his, all consciousness left him.

"Hector," sobbed the loving, girlish voice, broken by unshed tears, "I am come back to you—the old Leoline—your Leoline! Oh, take me back! Listen, Hector. Oh, try to hear me, my best beloved! I could not kneel beside you here as I am doing—I could not lay my lips on yours as I am doing—unless I came back to you just the true, faithful Leoline to whom you gave your great, warm, generous love. Oh, Hector, listen and forgive me! Speak to me one word—only one word." But even her voice could not awake him now.

It was hours afterward, and the dawn was breaking over the beautiful city, when Hector learned the truth; lying with Leoline's hand in his, and with Leoline's wide, loving eyes, so full, so glad, fixed on his worn but happy face.

"I wonder what punishment could be too great for that rascal?" Mr. Ransford mused.

"None," I answered, heartily; "but it seems to me that none has been tried."

"She would not say that, would she, Warren, if she had seen him when a little of the truth was brought home to him? I never saw a more pitiful illustration of a craven—never."

"He had been afraid," put in Leoline, softly, "ever since the night before, when he must have caught a glimpse of—of Mr. Warren in the carriage at the door while Eve was with me. He was quite different from that moment."

"And where is he now?" asked Hector.

"It is not very likely he will let us know that, dear lad," his father answered. "He has gone, and that is enough for us. He is sure to trouble us no more. To think of the trouble he has given us! My darling little Leoline, I can scarcely believe, even yet, that we have you safe back among us once more. But I have not heard my old name, pet, and I can not forfeit it to any rascal. I can never forfeit it until you meet your own father, whose generous, gentle heart lies buried in the Adriatic, and whom I loved so dearly that his little daughter may well be pardoned for loving me." And then he took her in his arms for the hundredth time, and we all did other things equally unaccountable, and laughed at each other, with tears of intense happiness in our eyes.

Round the old home at Hurstone quite a goodly crowd has gathered to meet us, and at the gates stand eager watching figures. We hear a long glad cheer arise as the carriage comes from "the Shade" beneath the hill, and winds gayly into sight. The postilion cracks his whip, for no purpose at all; Hector and Mr. Ransford, from their high seat behind, wave their hats; Mr. Warren, sitting inside the carriage with us, answers the glad cheering in his own pleasant, kindly way; Mrs. Warren looks from his face to the sunny home she is nearing with eyes that are bright through tears; and I hear Mr. Ransford's hearty laugh. An answering one rises to my own lips, which makes him nod brightly down to me, as if he liked to hear his happiness echoed so. Leoline, sitting opposite Hector, at my side, has been looking much oftener into his glad face than into the glad faces of the crowd; but quite suddenly, as one loud "Welcome" fills the air, she covers her eyes, as if something which she sees, or feels, or fancies, dazzles her. I take her hands down in mine, and look straight into her glad, sweet eyes: "We are at home, Leoline. We have all left the Shade at last."

THE END.

A HUMILIATING CONTRAST.

No one doubts that New York might be made one of the cleanest cities in the world, without the expenditure of a single dollar more than the sum now squandered in not making it clean. Money enough for the purpose is appropriated every year, and nothing is required but wise and systematic management, in place of the wretched mismanagement and shiftlessness which have always characterized the Street-cleaning Department. What may be accomplished by an energetic department, wisely and thoroughly administered, is shown in Paris, where the conditions of cleanliness are far less favorable than in New York. The difference lies wholly in the system. In Paris, sanitary affairs are under the control of a Board of Health composed wholly of surgeons, chemists, and physicians, who are selected for their professional qualifications for the work, and whose jurisdiction is absolute. The city is divided into eighty quarters, in each of which resides a Commissaire of Police, one of whose duties is to attend to the lighting and cleaning of the streets in his section. Under the command of each commissaire is a bureau charged with this particular work, and held to a strict accountability for its performance.

The operations of this system are carried on with the regularity of clock-work. The streets are swept and watered every day at an hour when the citizens will not be incommoded. The horrible abomination of emptying ash-barrels during the daytime in crowded thoroughfares, practiced in New York and other American cities, would not be tolerated for an instant in Paris. One would have to be out very early in the morning—before daylight, in fact—to witness the work of the Paris street-cleaning brigades. Silently and swiftly the sweepers, armed with long brush-brooms, gather the dirt into heaps. Men follow with carts, into which the heaps are quickly shovelled. Then the streets are sprinkled with water, the gutters are washed down, and by the time the population of the city is astir the avenues, streets, alleys, and parks are as clean as a dancing floor. Pedestrians may cross anywhere without soiling their shoes. There is no necessity to look out for a clean crossing or to pick one's steps daintily. And this is not done once in a while, but every day.

Our pictures on page 229 present a melancholy and humiliating contrast. The view of the Paris street is an actual scene, not in the best quarter of the city; yet how trim, clean, and neat is everything! No garbage boxes and barrels, no piles of dirt, no unsightly telegraph poles with wires laden with fluttering rags and wrecks of kites, no unwholesome smells to offend the sense, and perhaps spread disease. What New-Yorker can look at the companion picture, a veritable sketch in one of our own streets, and not be filled with shame and indignation?

Paris is governed on the theory that the city exists for the citizens; New York, on the contrary, is governed on the theory that the city exists for the politicians, who are privileged to make all they can out of it, without regard to the health, comfort, or convenience of the citizens. It is for the citizens themselves to make an end of this rotten system, and to render New York, what it may easily become, the most beautiful and healthful city in America.

VIOLETS.

THE Spring comes glinting up the strath,
And bonnilie she's drest,
In tender green and gold and white,
With violets at her breast:
Blue violets! violets blue!
Blue violets scented through!

In both her hands are lily bells,
And underneath her feet
Spring buttercups and daisy stars;
But fresh, and dewy sweet,
The blue shy violets rest
And nestle in her breast.

The birds are singing overhead;
The woods with music ring;
Open thy happy portals, Earth,
Cry, "Welcome, lovely Spring!"
Spring with her violets blue!
Blue violets scented through!

O violets hiding in the green,
O violets sweet and shy,
You have the sweetness of the earth,
The beauty of the sky!
No blossom fairer blows
Till Summer brings her rose.

O violets shy and sweet and blue,
Go hide in Leila's breast;
Whisper to her in fragrant sighs
The love I have confest.
When Spring to Summer grows,
It brings our wedding rose.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

THE RAVEN.

SLOWBURY stood, and watched the progress of this boy with pleasure. But presently he beheld a thing which made him throw his shovel down, and sit and bless the Angels, who alone can fend the Pixies. From the corner of the church-yard where the tombs lay thickest, a tall figure, flaring in the sun, leaped forth, with a wonderful explosion and a cloud of pitchy smoke. Sam was ready to swear that he was not mistaken in seeing nothing more for at least five minutes, and then if it was anything to bear an affidavit, it was the chap from the grave-stones jumping out of the cloud to the top of the church tower. And sure enough, when seven unmarried men were sent to the top of the church tower, they found a place where the moss had been knocked off, and they came down according to their speed, declining (as soon as their breath was restored to them) to go up any more, unless they were strung up to the bell beams. This proved every syllable that came from the mouth of Slowbury, out of which came very little (as soon as he knew what he was about) without a great deal of very solid and highly liquid substance going in, at the sole charge of the inquirer.

There is no justice to be traced in the affairs of men or boys without dreadful ingenuity. What had Sam done, to make a pocket out of this affair, more than lean on his shovel, and arouse himself to look a bit, and regard with satisfaction the distance of the miracle? Even when the cloud passed off, and the church was as bright as she ought to be, this man discovered that his duty to his master strictly forbade him to approach what he had witnessed. He retreated to another mixen nearer to the house, where a man at work might hear the wholesome cocks a-crowing, and the thumping of the churn at dairy. And he took Mopsy with him for company, because his heart was in the frimetts.

On the other hand, the real hero of this strange adventure not only sucked no profit thereout, and no increase of character, but received knotted strap from his father, and was threatened of his life if he told a word of it. And so do the greatest events get twisted, when chance has protected them from smothering, that only two people in Christowell—the postmaster and his gaitered son—could find any motive for that outbreak of the Evil One, except the sad nature of his constitution.

But the nature of the human creature always has some spotty places where the good light enters. Black Wenlow was glad that his outrush from the tombs, and shower of fire-works of his own construction, scared the poor boy so that no blow was needed, as he fell on his back and cast away the letter; for feeling is swifter than thought, and Bob felt that these wicked inventions brought Satan upon him. Then the sheep-skinned villain vanished, not over the tower, but into a cross-cut which led him to the moor.

There is a house, or at any rate was then, far away, among the hills and hollows, from any other place where people dwell. How anybody came to dwell there, none but those who knew the ins and outs of mining on the waste can pretend to say, if even they can do it. But there this miserable building stood, and a man, who was no more miserable than his fellow-men, had his home there. The savage wilderness, iron-browed hills, and rocks of peaky profile, like a row of hideous giants, were more to the taste of Gruff Howell than the sweetest landscape and the kindest sun. To take the rough and the smooth together is a test of magnanimity; but Howell took the rough without the smooth, in fare and footing, in climate and in clothes, and in company, whenever he got any to enjoy.

It was said by the gentler folk afar that he deserved no better, himself not being fit company for a Christian, and if he had his due, he would be swinging now in chains as a pirate on the hill of landscape looking over Plymouth Sound. But instead of that, he kept the "Raven," by the side of a mine road long disused; and no idle rumor disturbed him there, for his customers were the moor men only—a silent, hard-living, and wandering race. But even they asked one another sometimes about the queer couple, Griffith Howell and his wife.

The house had been built by the miners of old time, and therefore was substantial and well squared. For some granite masonry, as fair as need be wished for—including the tower of Christowell church, which they built in wholesome gratitude for a great success—has been done around the moor, and upon it, by the miners. And they must have been sturdy fellows to have reared the "Raven" without being blown out of the windows.

For here are strong concourse and mighty deliverance of every wind that sweeps the sea, buffets the land, or scours the sky. It is a hollow of the hill crest well contrived, as the chimneys of new houses are, to suck down the gust that is wandering overhead, as well as to catch up the rollicking blast that follows the floor of the country. Not a tree nor a shrub, scarcely even a furze-mote or a stub of dead ground-oak, varies with a looser twang the perpetually tense wail of the wind on granite—a tone too dismal and too dreary for echo or description.

Gruff Howell was sleeping, like a lawyer's conscience, richly and without prejudice. He never went to bed much, but achieved his rest, like a warrior on a tomb, with his clothes on. To-night the wind was scarcely even keeping itself in practice, and the moon was having an unusual turn of inspection round the "Raven." All around the hills were silent, and the long pale shadows lay like flaws of calm on tidal waters, while the "holy circles," where unholy deeds had stained the moor, stood up like ghosts that have no church-yard. Only the solemn bird that watches the dim night for a century, and times its slow watches with a croak, was moving, uneasily moving, his long gaunt body, with the platform of his frayed nest waiting in the crag for him to mend.

Suddenly the poor old mastiff-bitch, who wandered round the house at night-time, gave three sharp yelps and made a spring, but receiving a blow on the nose, fell back, and in that position became qualified to digest a kick in the stomach. Then a storm of thumps broke upon the hob-nailed door, and a mighty noise rang through the house, till the master looked out of the window with an oath, and pointed a long gun at his own porch. "Come down," said a clear voice; and down he went, while his wife shivered worse than at fifty burglars.

Old Griffith Howell now was longing, as his wife sincerely hoped, to turn a new leaf of his life, to cast away the works of darkness, brew his own beer, and give no credit. For since the penny-post came in, the heavens had blessed him with a great surprise. He had heard of his only son, a soldier long astray in foreign parts, and long despaired of in home quarters; and without falling under proper average of reason, he placed such a piece of news entirely to the credit of the penny-post. And this made him pay attention now to the doings of his visitor.

"The candle is enough. Rake the fire together, and put a block of dry peat on. Go for the loaf, and the streaky bacon, and the sharp knife with the heel to it. Very well. This packet is for me, with urgency? Leave me to consider it, while you see to the victualling. Don't draw the ale till I tell you, mind. When my supper is ready, you may go to bed again."

With these words, the man of the sheep-skins, looking thoroughly weary, sat heavily down at the oaken board set up for a table. With a jerk of his thumb he broke the seal of the letter which Howell had given him, and read it by the grimy yellow light. And though he was glad to find little to do, his nasty temper made him grumble at it.

"Child's work—mere child's work; an insult to me," he muttered, while Howell went fumbling about; "even the forgery all done to hand, and directions as if I were a stupid errand-boy. 'Put this slip in with the opened letter, seal with the seal inclosed, and post it, but not at Christowell, to-morrow.' Very good—very well; it shall be done, sir, as the fates have made you my master for the present, though you don't catch me going near a post-office. No sham civilization for me. I have taken to the moor, and mean to stick to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

TEN years ago, during the Orange riots in New York, some of the police were mounted on horseback for the pursuit of the rioters in the upper portions of the island, and this was the starting-point of the present admirable system of the Mounted Squad for general patrol duty in the sparsely settled districts of the city. The force consists of twenty-two men, all of whom are picked officers who have had large experience in the cavalry service in the United States army, and are therefore expert horsemen. Their commanding officer, Sergeant WILLIAM A. REVELL, has been on the police force for fifteen years, and during the late war was in the army, where he distinguished himself, and became a captain.

Each officer has full care of his horse and equipments, and is held strictly responsible for their good care. Nine hours' patrol duty is required each day, and there is no night work unless in case of an emergency. The horses are of the best, and are all bays, carefully selected for this special work. It takes about six months to break them in so that they can be safely used to catch a runaway team, or allowed to stand alone while the officer dismounts to make an arrest. Some of them are very intelligent animals, and become greatly attached to the men who ride them. The older ones, when an arrest is to be made, will stand with their front feet on the side-walk waiting for the officer to come out with his prisoner, when they will gently follow on to the station-house. Some of them will not allow a citizen to approach or catch them during any excitement. One of the roundsmen gives his horse credit for saving him from a severe handling while making an arrest for assault and battery in a group of shanties on Seventy-second Street near First Avenue. He was surrounded by a crowd of sturdy females from the Emerald Isle, armed with sticks, stones, and everything they could lay hold of. The prisoner fought desperately, and tore the uniform of the officer nearly all to pieces in his effort to escape, and would have succeeded, but that the old horse, appreciating the danger, dashed in, and by prancing and kicking up his heels kept the women at a distance until the officer had got clear out of reach, with the desperado securely in custody. The number of arrests made by the Mounted Squad for felonies of various kinds will compare favorably with those of any other up-town precinct.

But these officers have other and equally important duties to perform. As their posts are laid out on the principal drives, they are required to look sharply after runaway teams. During the recent sleighing season there was an average of one runaway a day, and it rarely happened that the officer failed to stop the frightened steeds, as many of the regular drivers on the road can testify from personal observation. In case of fire, the men do good service in riding speedily to the nearest signal box and sending out the alarm, after which they hasten to the police station, and give the particulars to the sergeant. In this way many houses are saved from destruction.

In former times, when it was the custom to drive Texan cattle across the city, the Mounted Squad were expected to give chase to those that broke away from the drove, and many an exciting adventure have these brave men had in the pursuit of a maddened steer.

Since the annexation of Morrisania and North New York, seven mounted men from the squad patrol that district every day, leaving their station in the morning, looking very much like soldiers starting on a scout, with rations for their horses strapped on behind the saddle. They remain away all day, and feed their horses at gentlemen's places in the suburbs. In the summer-time they eat their noon lunch by the road-side.

The tramp element is very troublesome in the country districts, and the little children, many of whom have to walk two or three miles to school, gladly avail themselves of the escort of a police officer, especially on the path through the woods.

More than half the squad have received honorable mention from the Board of Police Commissioners, and one of the officers wears a large silver medal presented to him for gallant service.

A GIGANTIC PAINTING.

AFTER being buried for a number of years in a lumber-room, Sir Robert Kerr Porter's immense picture, or panorama, representing the battle of Agincourt, was in September last, by order of the Lord Mayor of London, brought to light, and hung in the Guildhall for public inspection.

This gigantic canvas was originally one hundred feet long, but as it was impossible to find space for it as a whole, it was cut into three sections, the longest being fifty-four feet. The canvas is thirty feet in height, and contains upward of one thousand figures. The work was presented to the Corporation of London by the painter, sixty years ago, and there is a curious story connected with it. It was hung up in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, but some alterations in the room occasioned its being taken down. After being lost sight of for years, it was accidentally discovered stowed away among other lumber in a vault under the Guildhall. It was spread out against one of the walls of the hall and announced in the newspapers as a picture of unknown antiquity, and probably had been deposited in the vault for security at the great fire of London, remaining there unsuspected ever since! Of course all London flocked to see so great a treasure. The picture, however, was readily recognized by the painter's sister, Miss Jane Porter, the novelist, who acquainted the Corporation with the fact. It was once more taken down, rolled up, and consigned to its old quarters among the civic lumber where it had remained until its recent excavation.

The centre piece of the picture represents the battle at its height, that on the right portrays the retreat of the French army, whilst the left shows a landscape with a portion of the English army advancing through a well wooded and watered country to give battle to the foe. It is one of a series of four works on British historical subjects which Porter intended to execute to form a perpetual exhibition for the benefit of the military and naval hospitals. In fact, he did execute three out of the four. One was "The Siege of Acre," a painting of similar size to the present. The third was "The Storming and Capture of Seringapatam," which was no less than two hundred and fifty feet long. This is said to have been begun and finished in the incredibly short space of six weeks, the canvas being stretched in a semicircle against the wall of the great room of the Lyceum. After being exhibited publicly, and causing a great sensation, it was rolled up and stowed away in some premises which caught fire, and so this "noble and stupendous effort of art," as it was described at the time, perished. What fate befell "The Siege of Acre" is not known.

A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of mounting "The Battle of Agincourt" in sections, and of restoring this curious picture, which has become greatly dilapidated from neglect.

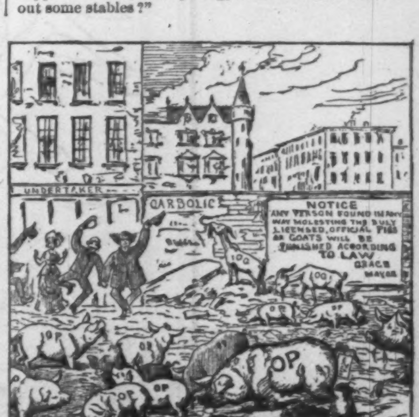
CHARGE OF THE DIRT BRIGADE.

GARBAGE to right of them,
Garbage to left of them,
Festered and rotted;
Piled in the highways,
Piled in the by-ways,
Of the metropolis
Supine, besotted.
Where is our slow police?
Offal to right of them,
Offal to left of them,
Offal in front of them,
Poisons the atmosphere
Of the metropolis,
Governed through gin and beer,
Governed by blunderheads!
Ranks of their victims swell,
Victims of poison-smell,
Drawn in with every breath!
Into the jaws of death,
Into the gates of Belle-
Vue Hospital,
Driven by hundreds!

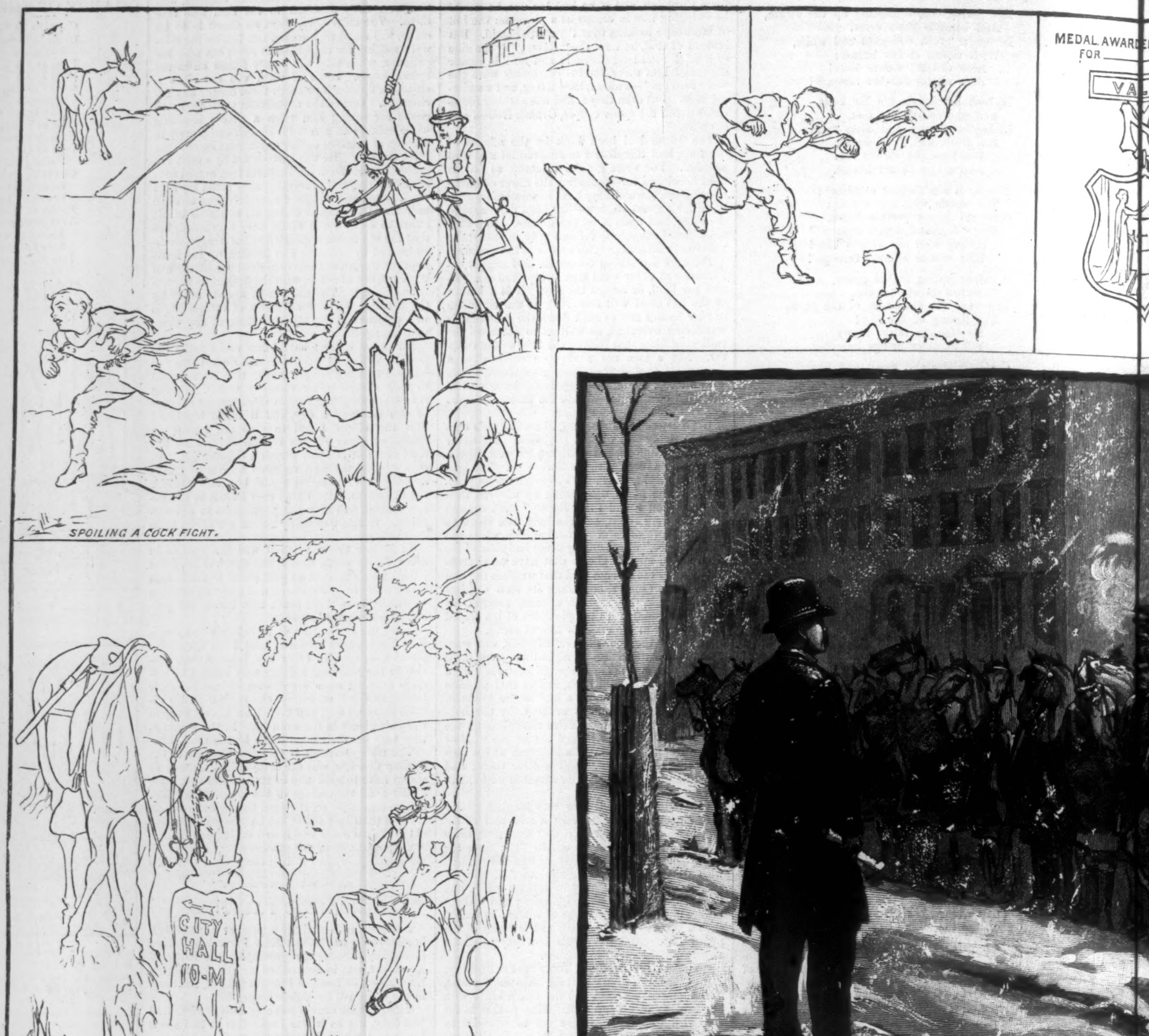
KING D——. "Oh—ah—yes! Give my compliments to the Commissioners, and say I'll be there."

HYGEIA. "You doubtless think that as all this filth is lying out in the back streets, it is no concern of yours. But you are mistaken. You will find it stealing into your house very soon, if you don't take care."

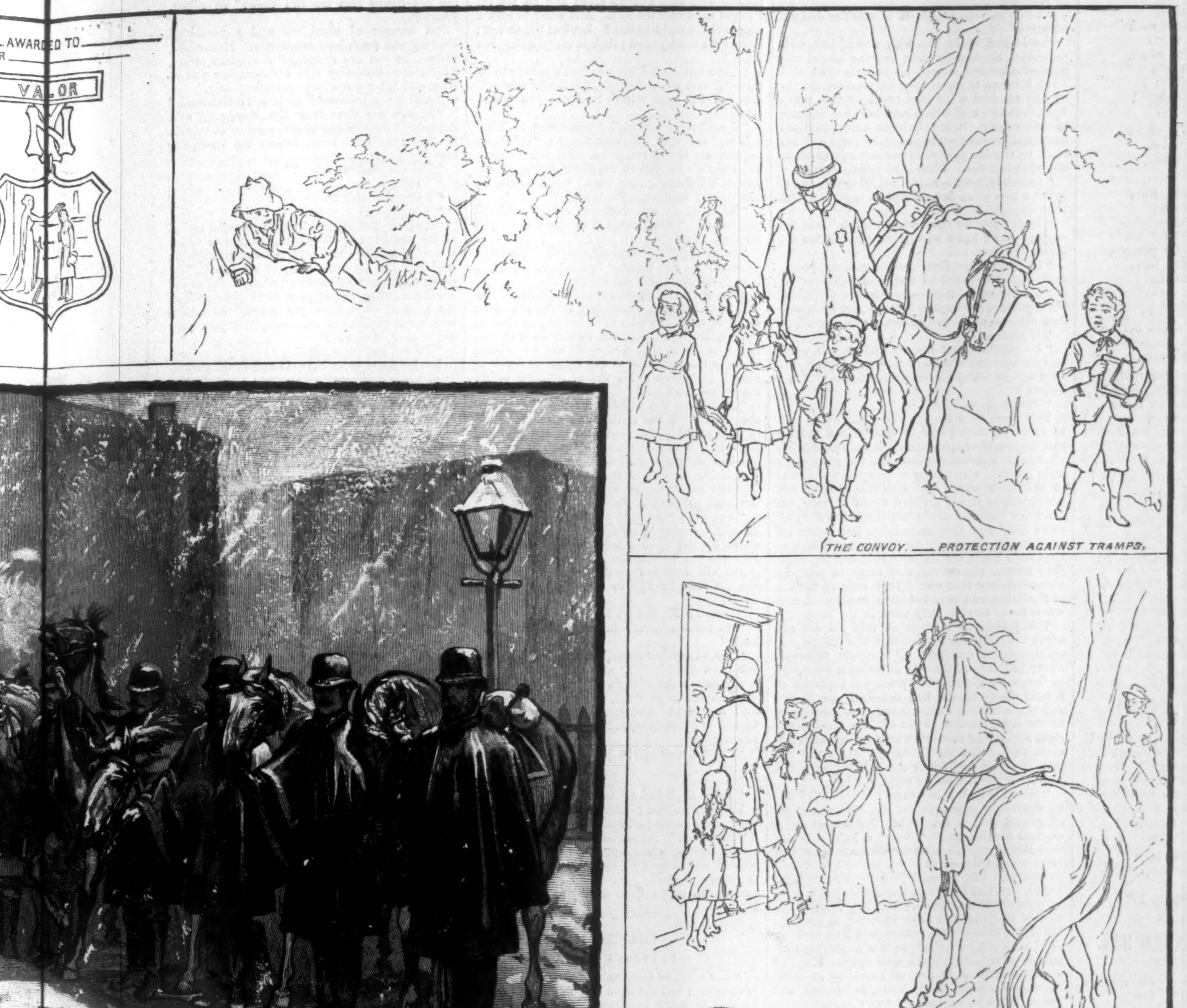
NEW YORK. "Now, my dear old boy, here's a nice little job for you to tackle."
HERCULES. "What do you take me for? Do you suppose I can do everything, because I once cleaned out some stables?"



HAPPY THOUGHT! We return to the simple ways of our grandfathers, and our streets are cleaned once again—more or less.



THE NEW YORK MOUNTED POLICE—SERVICES AND ADVE



THE CONVOY.—PROTECTION AGAINST TRAMPS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

ATTENTION!

RE ALARM.

SHOOTING A WILD STEER.

D ADVENTURES.—DRAWN BY JAMES E. KELLY.—[SEE PAGE 231.]

THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETHEART.

"ONLY last night my ship came in,
Yet years it seemed ere I could seek
Your side, and say to you the words
That I so long have longed to speak.
For I am Captain now, and thought
To-day to win you for my bride;
But would I'd ne'er set foot on shore!
Would on the ocean I had died!"

With kindling eye and crimsoned cheek
His words of bitterness she heard,
Then tightly clasped her little hands,
But never spoke a single word.

"Your lovely eyes were dim with tears
When last I started for the sea;
You knew I loved you, and I dreamed—
Poor trusting fool—you cared for me.
Each night your name was in my prayers,
Your picture on my heart hath lain:
Once more I'll press my lips to it,
Then you may have it back again."

He kissed it thrice, and held it forth
With trembling hand. She raised her head,
And in his face gazed steadily,
But not a single word she said.

"To think that you should wed for gold,
Sell your sweet face for sparkling gems!
Love's sunshine, girl, would brighter make
Your curls than precious diadems,
And Faith and Truth would bring you flowers
Where Pomp and Pride but weeds can sow;
But since you've made your choice, farewell!"
And with a sigh he turned to go.

A smile dawned on her pretty mouth;
She shook her pretty golden curls.
"Stay, Ralph. Who told this tale," she asked,
"Of gold and diamonds and pearls?"

"One who should know—your brother Tom:
I met him as I reached your door.
'What if you've gained your ship,' he mocked,
'And lost your Nell for evermore?
Old Skipper Brown's been courting her,
And he has stores of gems and gold;
And wedding bells may gayly ring
Before the year is six months old.'"

Her smile grew brighter, and at last
Into a merry laugh she burst.
"'Twas wicked, Ralph, of Tom; but then
He's but a boy. 'Tis April First."

"And—?" "No, of course not; how could I,
When—" "You love me?" "You say I do."
"And all the time I've been away?"
"The north star has not been more true."
"And you will wed me when the sweet
Wild roses, love, begin to blow?"
"So soon?" she said. "'Tis ages, dear."
"Yes, then, if you will have it so."

"And from this time may April First
Be ushered in with cloudless sky,
And all the April Fools," he cried,
"Be just as glad and blessed as I!"

THE WOMAN WHO SAVED HIM.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"BILL."

"WHICH is the way, my man, to Gregson's Rents?"

The individual addressed as "my man" was in a hurry, and did not condescend to answer. He glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the speaker, and clutched more closely to his narrow chest the hot baked sheep's head beneath the cloth, as if some suspicion of a snatch at it, in these terribly hard times, were on his mind; then he trotted away along the damp, cold streets, in haste to get home before the supper was chilled. The speaker looked round her for a being more courteous and less suspicious; but the night was growing apace, and there were few wayfarers about. The snow was flickering down from the dark sky, and there was a keen, knife-like wind abroad, which cut at the heart of things, and killed it. Shop-keepers, despairing of further custom, had put up their shutters, turned out the gas, and gone to bed; even the gin-palaces were doing badly, and the huge cheap music hall, half a mile away, was only a quarter full of the idle and the vicious, and they had come with orders. Never had a principal thoroughfare in the busy East of London looked more desolate and dark than on this bitter night; the shadows of the street were few, and seemed but hurrying phantoms amidst the sleet; a cab or omnibus drove past at times, also in great haste; and only the heavy, deliberate tramp, tramp of a policeman approaching with firmness and deliberation, that was a credit to the force, suggested at last to the lady a hope of useful information. He was a big policeman, with a substantial crust of snow upon the shiny cape which covered his broad shoulders, and he looked down with curiosity upon the fragile form of the being suddenly confronting him, and who had swung back her umbrella to keep the points out of his eyes. He was a policeman of importance, too, with the evident impression on his mind that at that hour of the night the street belonged to him, and loiterers were only allowed there by his express permission. Probably also a suspicious policeman, for he looked into a pale, innocent face, and yet mistrusted it.

"Can you direct me, officer, to Gregson's Rents?"

The burly man was, to a certain extent, mollified by being addressed as "officer," but he still glared down at his questioner.

"And what do you want at Gregson's Rents?" he rejoined.

"You will, perhaps, please to consider that my business."

She looked up at him with a confident, self-possessed, business-like air, and the official was puzzled more and more. He became more civil also: it began to dawn upon his intellect, cramped and pinched a bit that night by the sharp frost, that this might be a lady, for what he knew to the contrary. In her big black water-proof and bonnet, all flecked with snow-flakes, and with her back to the lamp-light, it was difficult to make out what she was. Blest if he knew, for one.

"Certainly, mum—miss; but Gregson's Rents is not a nice place or a safe place to go to at this time of night."

"Thank you for the warning, officer," was the reply; "but I know what place it is, and am not afraid."

"Oh! you know the Rents?" said the policeman, half disposed to be suspicious again.

"I have been there once—in the daylight," she explained; "the darkness and the snow confuse me now, and I don't know where I am."

"Well, for a—"

"So please direct me as well as you can," said the lady, interrupting him. "A part of your duty lies in being of assistance to the public, I believe?"

"Yes, mum—miss—it do."

This must be a lady, or she never would talk to him like that. One of the district visiting sort, he thought; a something to do with a soup-kitchen or a dispensary; one of the good busy-body division, with money to give away wrapped in halfpenny tracts, and with coal tickets and bread tickets in her pockets, heaps of 'em. He knew his customer now; but she was out "precious late," and Gregson's Rents was rather off the beat of the charitably disposed. People in Gregson's Rents did not, as a rule, ask for help; they helped themselves, and came to grief by overindulgence that way. They were an odd lot at the Rents, and gave a deal of trouble. Not a worse lot in London, take them in the lump.

The policeman thought all this, but did not argue the point any further with this sharp-eyed, quick-tongued specimen of feminine perseverance; he gave her the best direction in his power to Gregson's Rents. The place was a quarter of a mile back—as she had overshot the mark; and if she crossed the road, and took the second to the right, the first to the left, the third to the right again, and then went straight on until she came to Toddlesome Street, any one could tell her. But she had better not ask anybody, but wait until another officer came, who—

"Here! hi! You boy there! Bill!" he shouted, summarily cutting short his bewildering instructions with a vehemence that considerably startled his listener. "Here! hi! This is the very boy, mum," he added, "who can show you every step of the way for a penny or two, if he's so minded. Bill, you're wanted."

Bill, who had been very much disposed to take no heed of the salutation, reluctantly stopped the barrow which he had been wheeling in the middle of the slushy road, paused, and then came at right angles toward them, as if with the fixed intention of trundling them both down. Bill was a wild-looking specimen of humanity at close quarters—a white-faced, lanky, barefooted, unkempt lad, with an inch or two of arms thrust through the sleeves of the jacket he had long since outgrown, and with a pair of thin legs protruding from the fringed extremities of his tattered corduroys. Even in so poor a neighborhood as this, Bill was startling in his poverty of aspect, and the lady instinctively shrank from him and the strange look in his eyes.

"No, no; I do not want a guide," she said, and for the first time timidly. "I can find my way alone, thank you."

"I don't think you can," said the policeman; "and Bill knows every stone in Gregson's Rents—born and bred there, and almost a credit to the place."

Bill stood and glanced restlessly from the policeman to the lady, and from the lady to the policeman, as though they were speaking in a foreign language, and then said at last, in a voice so alarmingly hoarse that it sounded like some one at the bottom of a well, and a very damp well, "Wot's the row?"

"This lady wants to go to the Rents. Can't you leave the barrow with Jemmy, and put her in the way, Bill?"

"No, I can't."

"I dare say the lady can make it worth your while?"

"No, she can't."

"And Jemmy can turn out, and—"

"No, he can't, 'cos Jemmy ain't there. I ain't doin' nuthin', and yer can't run me in for nuthin'; and I ain't interferin' with nobody—am I? Yer've hobstructed me now, and if I'm blocking up Shoreditch, it's yer fault. If—"

Here Bill was cut short by a violent fit of coughing, which necessitated his clinging to his barrow, and the lady regarded him and his equipage with a greater interest. The equipage, in fact, was remarkable, when one came to look at it critically. It was a truck rather than a barrow, and a deep and short coffin on wheels rather than a truck, at the bottom of which it was customary to keep Jemmy, who was a terrible cripple, but who, when set carefully upright, was handy in various ways at this peripatetic fried-fish stall, after it had come to a full stop and commenced business for the night.

"Something's put you out, Bill," said the policeman, with whom this nomad seemed somewhat of a favorite. "You ain't generally so short and saucy."

"P'raps I ain't."

"Jemmy's queer again, I suppose?"

"Well, Mister Bobby, he jest is dreffful bad," said Bill, softening at this interest in his brother; "and I'm 'bliged to leave him, yer see; and there's nobody with him, and no bread and no fire till I've got back with the coin. And who's to earn a copper sich a night as this? Look at the streets; look at the mucky snow; look at everythink. It's orful."

"Yes; but don't I tell you here's money to be earned," said the policeman, "and this lady will pay you for your trouble? Can't you understand?"

"I can't lose my reg'lar customers to 'blige a lady," answered Bill, very firmly; "an' if my reg'lars air about, I'm there. I'm allers there; and I sha'n't go back to the Rents, barrer an' all, jest as if I thought they wasn't worth waitin' on this beastly weather. No, I'm off."

"Well, of all the obstinate coves!" said the policeman. "Mind you, I'll be down upon you for this. I—"

"Stop! stop!" said the lady, quickly; "the boy's quite right. I'm nothing to him, and his living is everything. Can't you see that?"

Yes; decidedly an eccentric female this. She had been listening attentively to the preceding dialogue, taking no part in it, but leaving it all to "the police," and now she looked as if at that late hour and in that cold street she was willing to argue the point out to any length in order to bring a policeman to her way of thinking before she parted from him.

"Ah! I see I'm wasting my time," answered the official, with less civility, as he tramped slowly away, leaving the proprietor of the stall and the lady to settle the matter between themselves. For Bill had not started on his way, after all; he was sitting on one of the handles of his truck, furtively regarding her whose mission lay in the direction of his birth-place.

"Yer can't miss it, if yer keeps on a-askin'," he said, hoarsely; "over the way and down the street by the second lamp-post to start with. Who are you arter at the Rents, now?"

Bill was as curious as the policeman had been, but the lady, strange to say, answered him directly.

"I want a Mr. Robert Kelly."

"At number seven, ain't he?" said Bill, "top back."

"Yes, at number seven," was the reply. "Do you know him?"

Bill gave a short laugh.

"I should think I did, and he knows me too. Jest ask him! And you're going there? All alone—by yourself—you?" he said, in little jerks of surprise.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm expected."

"Air you?"

"And I shall find my way. Good-night."

The lady nodded to him as to an old acquaintance, and like the policeman he thought she was a "queer 'un." He sat on his barrow an instant longer, looking after her, then he gave a husky whistle, and pushed off vigorously with his scanty supply of goods, making up for the time he had wasted by the extra energy he now put into his work.

CHAPTER II.

GREGSON'S RENTS.

MR. KELLY, of Gregson's Rents, was not easy to discover; but the little lady in search of him, by dint of many inquiries and much perseverance, aided by a very fair memory for locality, was at last enabled to reach the door of his room, which was the top back of No. 7, as the proprietor of the fish stall had asserted.

Gregson's Rents was a "grewsome" place after nightfall at the best of times—on this inclement evening it was at its worst. The lamp at the entrance to the dark court had flatly refused to burn that evening on account of frost or damp, and it was a pitchy darkness into which the young woman fearlessly plunged. Having discovered the Rents, there was no difficulty in finding the house, the lady having been before in the daylight on an errand of a similar character. If there were danger, as a rule, to the ordinary pedestrian in this locality, where thieves were many and honesty was scarce, where the police hunted in couples, and life was even lost with frequency, the criminal was sleeping that night, or had crept away to his den out of the cold. The place was deserted, and the traveller went up the common stairs without encountering a human being. It was very dark, but she groped her way upward with success, and as she knocked at the door of Mr. Kelly's room, a church clock in the neighborhood boomed the hour of eleven.

"Not so very late, after all," she murmured.

"Who's there?" asked a voice within. "And what's your business?"

"It is I—your sister Marjorie."

"Oh! it is you, is it? I had given you up."

There was a considerable shuffling of slippered feet, and after a while the door was opened to admit the visitor, and closed and locked immediately upon her entrance.

It was a wretchedly furnished room into which the lady had been ushered, but there was a bright fire burning in the grate, and a smell as of a recent banquet pervading the apartment, a general aroma, as it were, of hot spirits and sprats, the heads and bones of which succulent fish were strewn in considerable quantities on the bare boards, Mr. Kelly, with distressing untidiness, having scattered them right and left during the progress of his meal.

And Mr. Kelly himself, when he had shuffled back with great difficulty to his easy-chair, in the exact front of the fire, presented a very fair, or unfair, picture of untidiness, being wrapped in a ragged blue dressing-gown, over the shoulders of which a dirty brown blanket from his bed was spread for warmth, and gave him the appearance of an Esquimau, or a disreputable Red Indian, taking into account his fiery features and his black, bead-like eyes.

"Well, what have you brought me? What has the old hunks sent me this time?" he asked, greedily.

"A hamper of provisions and a parcel of clothing will reach here to-morrow. Meanwhile, Robert, as you are starving," she added, dryly, "it became necessary that I should see you at once, and bring you a little pecuniary help."

"Ah! and a precious little it is, I'll be bound."

"It does not come from Mrs. Mowbray," said the lady; "she declines to give a penny in money, of which you have never known the value, she says."

"Did she read my letter?"

"Yes."

"Every line of it?"

"Yes."

"And was not touched by the harrowing recital of my penury, and of the cruel straits to which a man of intellect has been reduced through no misfortune of his own. Star of my destiny," he cried, with mock solemnity, "what is the world coming to, when women grow as flinty-hearted as this? And what have you saved," he added, with great rapidity of utterance, "for your poor old brother, Marjorie?"

"I'll tell you presently."

Marjorie was in no hurry to satisfy the curiosity of her impecunious companion; she preferred to study him, and to inspect him critically, very much as she had done the policeman, or the boy of the name of Bill. She had taken off her wet cloak and spread it on one side of the fire, and it was easy to perceive now that she was a pretty but somewhat delicate little lady of some one-and-twenty years, too fair and fragile a being, perhaps, to venture out on so inclement a night, unless on a matter of life and death, which this was not, although Robert Kelly had assured her and Mrs. Mowbray that it was, and sent them both his last blessing in case they should not arrive in time to receive it personally for themselves. Certainly, for a man nearly twenty years the senior of his sister, he was not looking the picture of health, but then times were bad, the weather was worse, and he was not dressed as becomingly as he might have been.

"You don't ask me how I am, Robert; how I get on with Mrs. Mowbray, my principal and benefactress; whether I keep strong and well," she said, a little reproachfully.

"Oh, you are in good quarters; it will pay *you* to stop there," was the reply; "and if you weren't well, you would not have come after me. Why, I see you are well, don't I?"

"Perhaps you do. I hardly know if I *should* have come to-night," she added, hesitatingly, "seeing what a night it is, and knowing what a highly colored picture you can draw upon emergency. But you threatened your life, and frightened my poor principal. She wished me to come at once, and I am here."

"I haven't frightened the old skinflint out of any money, at all events," he replied, sullenly, "and she is as rich as a Jew. Why, her husband left her four hundred thousand pounds. I saw it in the newspapers."

"Yes, she is wealthy, and makes good use of her wealth."

"Then why doesn't she think of me?"

"Simply because she does not believe in you, any more than I do," was the quiet answer.

"Ah, it's a nasty skeptical world," said her brother, wrapping himself more tightly in his blanket. "Give me my money, and leave me here to die. I'm no company for you; I know it. There is no sisterly feeling in your breast toward me; I know that. If it wasn't for a boy down stairs on the cellar floor, a wretched, ragged outcast whom I would not be seen with in the daylight, I should have died last week—upon my honor it's true—and nobody would have cared."

"Do you care for yourself, to live like this, and drink like this?" cried his sister, warmly; "to throw away chance after chance, and never make one step toward a better state?"

"Fate, my dear Marjorie, has been against me It's all fate."

"The fate is yourself, and your worst enemy."

"I suppose you have come to give me the usual sermon along with the usual donation, and," he added, with a wry face, "the sermon first."

"One moment," said Marjorie, quickly. "This boy without whom you would have died: who is he?"

"I don't know who he is. I don't trouble myself about other people's affairs, like you and your mistress," said Mr. Kelly. "He comes in here to tuck me up when I am in bed sometimes; he sells me stale fish which he buys stale of Moss in Church Street, and he runs on errands for me now I haven't the proper use of these deplorable legs of mine. A willing lad, but a most disreputable blackguard."

"And you would have died last week without him," repeated Marjorie, keeping him, as well as she could, to the main thread of his story; "how was that?"

"I—I had a swooning. It took me suddenly after supper, and when he came up he found me with my unfortunate head completely under the fire grate. Strange, was it not?"

"Yes. Do they call him Bill?"

"That is his vulgar appellative. I address him as William myself."

"And he has a crippled brother whom they call Jemmy?"

"Why, you know all about it! You don't mean to say that wretch of a boy has been sending to Mrs. Mowbray, and making a clear case for himself, and without telling me, his patron, anything of the matter? I see his artfulness now. He has wormed it out of me in confiding moments; he has heard of the rich old woman who spends her money on the poor, and makes you her cashier. I have been deceived; I am too simple-minded for this hateful world. A child gets the best of me now." And Robert Kelly affected to

shed tears, and wipe them away from his drink-stained cheeks with the corner of his dirty blanket.

"No, no; assure yourself. I only met this boy by chance to-night."

"Ah! then there's no harm done," he said.

"And no good yet," replied his sister; "and I am pressed for time."

She started up, and, to the amazement of her brother, seized the candlestick from the table, and snatched up a scuttle of coals that was near.

"The saints preserve us, Marjorie! What are you going to do?"

"The sick boy down stairs is without a fire; I heard his brother say so, and—"

"Yes, yes; but stop a moment; they are *my* coals."

"I will pay you for them when I return."

"Yes, out of the money which you have already brought for me—a clear loss. Marjorie, you had better not go."

"Why not?"

"Bill is a desperate character," he answered; "does not like interference; has been in prison half a dozen times at least. You will be robbed. Oh dear! I am sure you will be robbed."

"I am not afraid."

"Then you had better leave the mo—"

But Marjorie Kelly had hurried out of the room and down the stairs without listening further to her brother's warnings. She was a woman who acted for herself, and acted quickly, and very often for the best. There are not a few good women of this kind in our English land, and the land is all the better for them. Heaven bless them in their Christian work, say we.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRAMATIC ART IN FRANCE.

No people, perhaps, are so endowed by nature with the dramatic instinct, with the power of imitation and of sinking the individuality, with gracefulness of pose and gesture, with emotional power and sympathy and all that goes to make up an actor, as the French. With them even the commonest incidents of daily life are colored with the dashing touch of the natural artist, and the entire race, from peasant up to prince, has an instinctive, inborn feeling for the dramatic which makes the theatre to him a necessity, a school, an institution quite different from what it is with us. With such encouragement and such native talent to choose from and develop, the French theatre might be expected to arrive at great perfection; and so it certainly has done, viewed fairly from an artistic stand-point; and it was the thought of its perfection—its beautiful perfection, and consequent influence and sacred responsibility—that excites our regret when we read of the shocking details of a new theatrical representation in Paris, the latest triumph of M. Zola and the dramatized *Nana*.

The dramatist who puts vice on the stage always assumes to be actuated by the highest motives—he is making an example of it, and preaching a sermon on morality. But the audience, while hugging the delusion, can not fail to see that it is vastly more interested in the villainy than in the moral of the piece; the real interest, if not sympathy, of every spectator, from stalls to gallery, follows the clever wrong-doer, knowing on general principles that full justice will be meted out to innocent and guilty in the last scene.

The theory of the modern French dramatist is expressed perfectly in Pope's well-worn lines,

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

Mr. Pope, it is true, wrote with these, two other lines which always ought to go with them, but the dramatist doesn't care for more than these two lines; here the rest may be true, but in France, no. So M. Zola and his school piously investigate and point out vice, as a medical man does a disease; they frankly display its folly and danger and degradation, but at the same moment they deck it with flowers; they gild it and paint it in colors which make us forget for the time what it is, and what it is leading to; and finally, when the catastrophe does come, it is so frightful, so pitiable, that we refuse to believe in it; it is too strong, we won't have it; it is not according to nature or justice; the suffering is out of proportion to the sin. And so we go home after an evening of strange excitement; we have watched the career of a vicious woman, and seen vice with all its perils; we have learned a great deal about human nature, and it has all been bad, but intensely interesting. As we adjust our *bonnet de nuit*, blow out our candle, and give ourselves up to reflection, we find that the artistic methods, the perfect *mise en scène*, the beauty and glitter, and, alas! the immodest suggestions of the play, linger in our mind—and those only. Who could dwell upon the moral lesson in the last scene of Zola's play—the death-struggle of the recently beautiful woman, now stricken with a loathsome contagious disease, deserted, shrieking for water, while the sound of music and revelry comes up from below? The sooner we erase the picture from our memory, the better.

Almost conjointly with the first appearance of the nauseating play of M. Zola, the Parisians were favored with another new drama of the same type, the *Princesse de Bagdad*, by the veteran Alexandre Dumas. Although this last play is said to be not so physically offensive in its details as the other, it is morally even more so, for it deals with conjugal infidelity, falsehood, treachery, depravity so revolting that on the opening night even a French audience seemed to think it too strong and strange to be tolerated. The worst feature of all, perhaps, is the fact that the play is so brilliant in itself, so beautifully set, and superbly acted by Mademoiselle Croizette and the greatest actors of France—and at the Théâtre Français, the abode of the classics, the home of Molière. The appearance of these plays makes one wonder to what lower depths the modern French playwrights will lead the theatre of their country, and how soon a reaction will come and sweep them all into obscurity, even as the brilliant and immoral dramatists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been swept out of sight in England. How little is known by the present generation about the drama of the Restoration and the early Georgian period! and yet Wycherly and Dryden and their school wrote some of the cleverest plays that ever were conceived; but such plays as *Love in a Wood*, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, and *The Wild Gallant* would make sad havoc in the audience of a modern London theatre. Poor Dryden suffered keen remorse in his old age for the nine plays he contributed to the immorality of the time; and well he might.

Curiously enough, if we look at the French stage of that same period, we find it pure almost to asceticism. That was the Golden Age of the drama in France, with Corneille and Racine and Molière as the high priests. Between that day and the present the position of the drama in France and England seems to have been reversed, and, like the buckets in a well, one has gone down as the other has come up. The stage is only a mirror of human life, and what shall be its character in any period or country depends very much on the circumstances of time and place; if they are immoral, the stage will be immoral; if they are pure, the stage will be pure. Probably neither the *Merry Wives of Windsor* nor the *School for Scandal* would be able to pass the examination of the Lord Chancellor to-day as a new play, and this shows how much more particular we are than our ancestors three hundred, or even one hundred, years ago. On the other hand, a play like that of Zola or Dumas would have been received in France in the reign of Louis XIV., the classic period of the French drama, with as much horror as it now excites in the breast of an honest Englishman.

Almost simultaneously with the first night of the new drama of Zola in Paris, there appeared in London a new play, which was received with an equal degree of distinction, and nothing could better illustrate the contrast between the dramatic taste of the Gaul and the Anglo-Saxon of to-day, than a comparison of Mr. Tennyson's new drama with those we have been considering, the one being as typical of English taste and feeling as the others are of French.

The Cup is a brief, intense tragedy in two acts, based upon a legend in Plutarch's *Virtuous Deeds of Women*. Two centuries ago the younger Corneille produced a play upon the same model, but little has ever been made of it; and quite recently a play was written from the same theme in Italian, but with these exceptions the field has been untrodden. The plot of the story is simply the persecution of an innocent woman by a wicked man, who kills her husband, and falls a victim to her revenge. A more simple plot could not be found; it is, in fact, truly Greek in its simplicity, and strikingly suggestive in tone of the grim tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, differing just enough from its ancient prototypes to meet the requirements of the modern stage. The language throughout is lofty and poetic, but as simple and direct as that of Homer. The story is painful almost from the first word, for we feel the shadow of the impending catastrophe overspreading every line. It is the strong dark tragedy conceived by a born dramatist, but it is told in the language of a poet. To give any adequate impression of the beauty of the play on paper is impossible.

The scene is laid in Galatia, a Roman province ruled over by a tetrarch Sinnatus, whose wife, Camma, is the heroine of the drama. The scenery and stage appointments, devised by certain distinguished artists and archæologists, impress us at once by their simplicity and naturalness. They are not glaring, splendid spectacles, like the scene-painters' triumphs we are accustomed to see at theatres, but pictures in themselves as delicate as the sentiment and diction of the play they help to interpret; pictures on a grand scale, which, if they could be reduced and transferred to canvas, would well become the walls of the Royal Academy.

When the curtain rises, disclosing a hill-side with rocks and trees, a pale blue landscape of hill and valley beyond, a distant city, a river winding off into the sunset glow which lingers upon the horizon, and tips the purple mountains with rose-color, the tetrarch and a group of huntsmen and hounds clambering up the rocks, pausing a moment, then dashing into the valley in pursuit of the stag, we fancy nothing in scenic art could be more beautiful.

But again the curtain rises. We see a room in the tetrarch's house—a classic room such as Alma Tadema delights to paint; all panels, friezes, and columns, rich, pale draperies, the tripod, the lectum, the sacred lamp, and behind, seen through a portico, the landscape we admired before. Camma enters. You have seen the statue of Pudentia in the Vatican; fancy her now alive, in azure draperies; she takes her harp and pours forth a tender love-song for her absent husband, a song full of devotion, of longing, of trustful patience; and when at last Sinnatus returns, there is in her joy a pathos which every spectator feels, for the shadow of the impending tragedy hangs over them. "This scene is more beautiful than the other," we exclaim to ourselves; "nothing could be more beautiful."

Again the curtain rises. There stands the widowed Camma in the temple of Artemis, where she is now a priestess. It is a wonderful room, with its rows of columns, enriched with figures in actual high relief, its fretwork ceiling, and marble floor with dais and flaming tripod in the centre, and when the heavy portières are drawn back, disclosing the colossal statue of the goddess on her throne, and scores of vestals file past and pay homage, we think the climax of beauty is reached. But it is yet to come. A loud tumult outside proclaims the elevation of Synorix to the post of tetrarch, vacant by the death of the man he has murdered. "The wheel of fate has rolled me to the top!" Camma consents to become his wife—"I will be faithful to thee till thou die;" the crown of the tetrarch's spouse is placed anew upon her head; the marriage fête is prepared; in a splendid robe of cloth of gold she stands upon the dais, pale but resolute; the priestesses crowd in; lamps are hung between the columns; a procession of dancing children with baskets of flowers strew roses on the ground. Synorix and the Roman generals arrive, and the ceremonies are commenced with libations to the goddess; Camma, first drinking, hands to Synorix the poisoned cup which is to complete the tragedy.

The beauty, the dignity, the sublimity of this scene are perhaps unsurpassed in the annals of the stage. It is the fitting climax to a drama which, with its beauty of diction, purity of suggestion, elevated and ennobling sentiment, is as different from the adulterous drama of modern France as Sparta was from Pompeii, as the sparkling water of a mountain spring is from hot, spiced brandy. In point of artistic finish and brilliancy of construction and acting the French drama is as fine as the English; in fact, it is far finer. But the brilliancy of the one stage is like the clear, steady glow of the vestal's lamp; the other is the phosphorescence of decay.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN English authority says that an Africander is "a European of any nationality born in Africa."

The Emperor William offered to make Prince William a major on the day of his marriage, but the young man chose not to be promoted till he should prove his valor.

Clubs have so multiplied in London that a clubless man is said to be a curiosity worthy of a place in Madame Tussaud's gallery. Many men belong to two or three clubs, and some very young gentlemen deem it necessary to belong to half a dozen.

We are gravely informed by an English paper that at a recent ball at the Élysée, President Grévy "scandalized society" by wearing no decorations, "and shaking hands almost as freely as if he had been President of the United States."

One of the English foot-racers is still waiting in this country, like his hypothetical countryman, "for something to turn up." The arrangements for dividing large spoils of the recent match among few partakers so far failed that the managers, it is understood, lost considerable sums. This result indicates that even in the matter of pedestrianism the public is not wholly without discrimination.

Since the League of American Wheelmen was organized in Newport, Rhode Island, less than a year ago, by representatives of thirty bicycle clubs, its membership has grown so that now the League badge is worn by some twelve hundred gentlemen, devotees of that kind of athletic sport. One of the acts of the convention was to create two directors in each State, who should appoint, in every city or town where there is a bicycle club, a consul, the duties of which office are to furnish to any member of the League information as to the condition of the roads for bicycling, and the hotel accommodations and other conveniences for visiting wheelmen. It was arranged that on May 30 of each year there should be a gathering of the members of the League. This year the "meet" is to be on Boston Common. The six hundred wheelmen—which is the estimate of the probable attendance—will be reviewed by the Mayor, and perhaps by the Governor of Massachusetts. The New York Bicycle Club is one of the largest in the League, and its Captain is the League Commander.—Apropos of bicycling, it is understood that a party of English wheelmen have started, or are about to start, for this country, with the intention of taking a spin out to Chicago and across to San Francisco within a few weeks. The wheelmen in America have warned them that there is a considerable stretch of highway between New York and San Francisco, and that portions of it may not be in prime condition.

Mr. McVickar, of Chicago, claims to have once saved the life of the late Alexander II. of Russia. It was at Longchamps, and the would-be assassin was blocked by Mr. McVickar's person while trying to push through the crowd and get a shot at the potentate. Mr. McVickar subsequently discounted his good service by writing a poem about it.

A Paris physician is said to have succeeded in almost entirely doing away with magnetism in telephony, employing no magnetic receiver, and only a single Leclanche element in transmitting speech on a wire from Tours to Brest, the length of which was several hundred miles.

It was a Boston urchin who, when asked by his teacher to name the principal races of men, mentioned the Caucasian, Mongolian, Go-as-you-please, Heel-and-toe," etc.

There was something terribly real in the part taken by a young woman at a recent masked ball in Paris. While the revelry was at its height, she leaned against a pillar, snatched a stiletto from beneath her cloak, and plunged it into her bosom.

A writer tells how Victor Hugo became the composer of the refrain of an operatic air, though never having been able to sing a note in tune nor play on any musical instrument. "That is simple enough," said Hugo to the chief of orchestra, who was in despair because he could not hit upon a refrain that suited him. Then Hugo recited the lines, accenting them to a rough melody, and thumping the time with his fist on the prompter's table.

"I see! I see!" cried the leader, divining the air, and he at once noted it down.

The issue in a recent municipal election in Centralia, Illinois, was whether a man has the right to kill another for an insult not retracted. The Summary Revenge candidate was elected by forty-one majority.

If a report which comes from California be true, the Western farmer of the future will go to his fields in the spring-time with a chisel, and to the harvest with a hatchet and step-ladder. It is said that grape, melon, cucumber, and tomato slips grow as well when transplanted in the trunks of the cacti on the American deserts as they would in the most favorable soil. The cuttings are inserted in gashes made with a chisel, and they climb the cacti as they grow.

An observant page in the Senate-Chamber, whom Senator Mahone instructed to carry to Mrs. Mahone, in the Arlington, a basket of flowers that had been sent to him by a pretty Virginia widow who is said to be in sympathy with the Re-adjusters, made this reply: "I have been here a long time, and have noticed that the Senators always take the cards off."

It will hereafter be prudent for surgeons to be careful not to take off a man's arm unnecessarily, or else to take off both arms. A physician in Michigan narrowly escaped being killed a few days ago with a pistol held in the remaining hand of a man whose arm he amputated many years ago, and who had come to the conclusion that the amputation was unnecessary.

In California, Chinese and Indian cheap labor have been brought into competition in railroad construction. The Indians handled the pick and shovel industriously for twenty dollars a month, till, pale-face fashion, they became dissatisfied, and struck for a dollar a day and "found." The Chinamen were satisfied with a dollar for a day's work, and "found" themselves. So the contractors let the Americans go, and hired Orientals in their stead.

A man who was snow-bound in Western Iowa found his horse stopped by what seemed to be a wire fence. He found that he had been trying to drive through the telegraph wires.

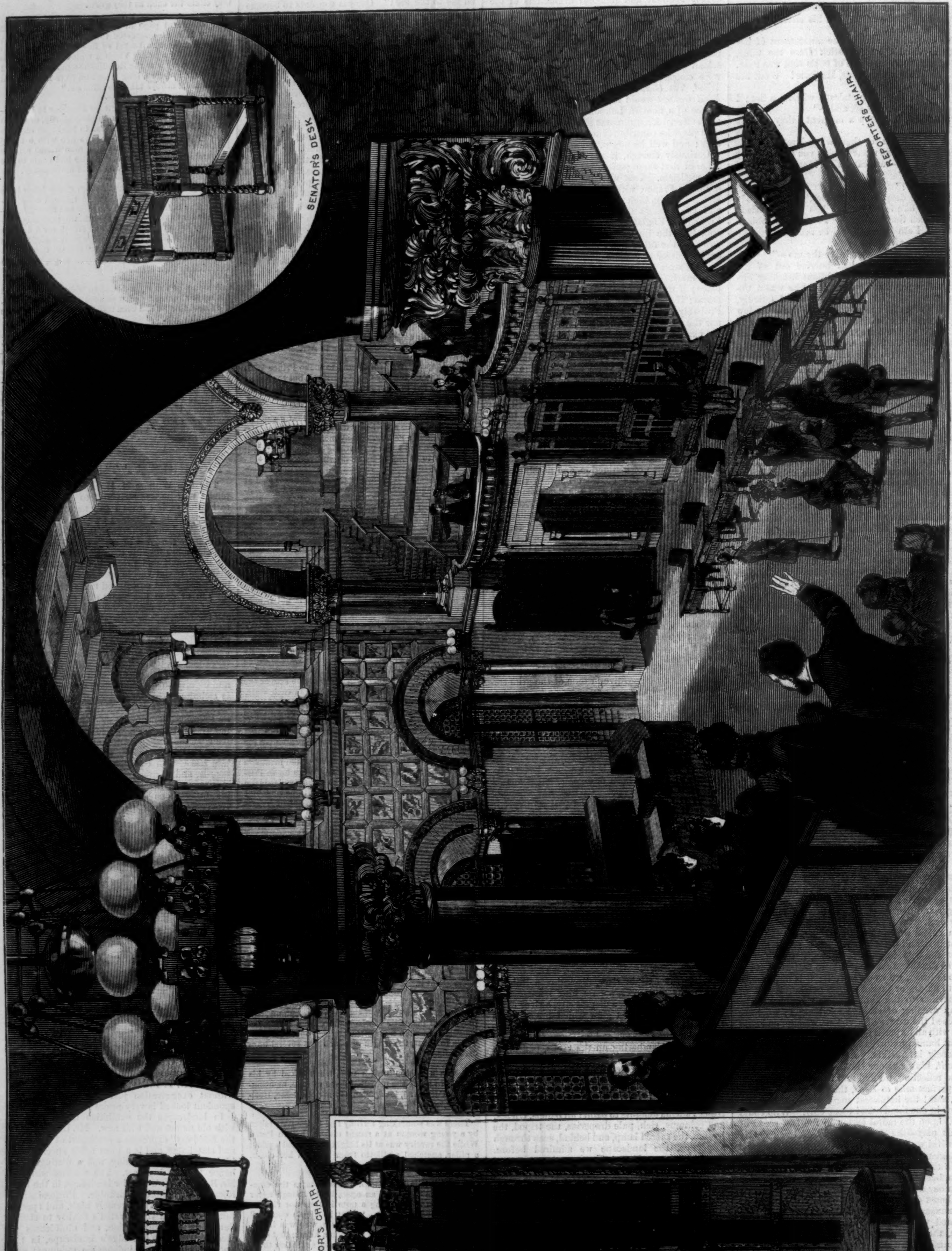
The occupant of a room adjoining those of Mackey, the California millionaire, in Rome, Italy, overheard him say, "Yes, I gave him thirty thousand pounds sterling, with the right to exhibit," and the Rome correspondent of an American newspaper has been wondering what it is that the Bonanza King has bought. He infers that it can not be the Torlonia Gallery of Sculpture, for the Prince values that at over a million dollars, nor any modern work of art, for he knows of none worth thirty thousand pounds. Perhaps it is a woolly horse.

PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY.

THE late William M. Hunt used to say to his pupils that he was striving "to get what people call careless, but what I call nature: to me nature doesn't look prigged up"; and one feature of the Academy exhibition this year is the unmistakable tendency of many of the contributors to paint more broadly than heretofore, to consult the movement and proportion of masses rather than the trivial carefulness of details. Nature, in a word, is not so prigged up as she used to be, say ten or even five years ago, on similar occasions; and this change for the better is due to the influence of our artists who have studied of late in Europe, or are now studying there. Some of the older Academicians, notably Mr. Eastman Johnson, never painted so admirably as now. His large picture, "The Funding Bill," in which two gentlemen are conversing with great seriousness and dignity on that important financial measure, is technically the finest piece of work he ever put his name to—finest especially in those parts where he presents himself as a colorist. Never before has this painter been so successful in rendering his shadows transparent, and in producing local color that has richness, sweetness, and vitality, that has less in common with the color of sign-boards, and so much in common with the color of nature. Never before, also, has he handled his subject in so large and noble a fashion. Mr. Hovenden's "In Hoc Signo Vinces," beautiful as it is in modelling, in composition, and in the way in which its paint is laid on, can not compare in color with Mr. Johnson's "The Funding Bill."

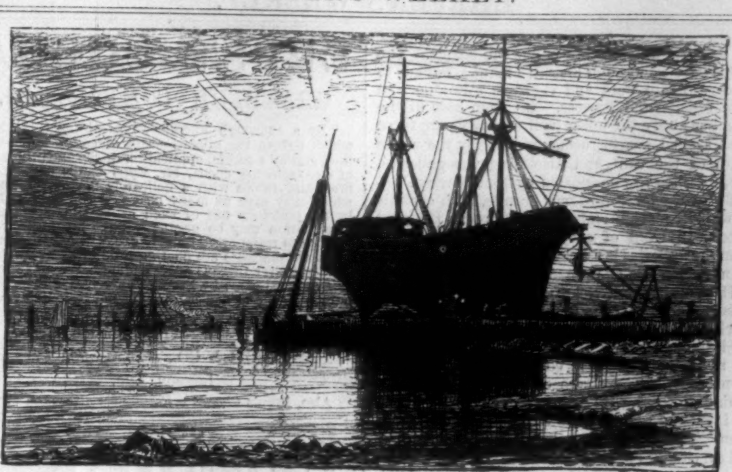
The portrait of a child, by George Fuller, is undoubtedly indebted to the new European environment. Its sweetness and serenity of sentiment are all its own, and, with the exception of the younger child in Cornelia W. Conant's charming genre, "The Unexpected Visit," are unrivalled in the Exhibition. Some mannerism usually attaches itself to Mr. Fuller's representations of nature; his landscapes and figures are wont to show the trail of a conventional mist; a lovely girl, in the present instance, is enveloped in this mist; but there is nothing priggish in the artist's presentation of her. Mr. Maynard's portrait of "The War Correspondent of the London Daily News" scarcely received justice at the hands of the hanging committee. It deserves a place on the line, and might yet have one if the admirable plan of the Paris Salon prevailed here, and the pictures were hung afresh some weeks before the close of the exhibition. The "War Correspondent," in picturesque equestrian cold-weather costume, is Mr. F. D. Millet, and the effort to tell without exaggeration just how the war correspondent looked is very praiseworthy.

In landscapes the exhibition is conspicuous with old names and with new. Mr. Inness's "On the Roadway" expresses a sentiment of grandeur and stateliness, and is a most noble specimen of learned, scientific painting, and a distinguished honor to American art. The workmanship of Mr. Bolton Jones's Tangier landscape, in the East Room, is something remarkable. Professionally considered, it ranks extremely high, and speaks volumes for this young artist's fidelity to study, cleverness of apprehension, and nimbleness of execution. Mr. Whittredge's landscape, in the North Room, has an indefinable quietness and beauty, very typical of the original scene. Mr. George H. Smillie continues to advance in the new path that he found last year, and having experienced the delights of freedom, will doubtless never return into the bondage of the set and fussy old way. Mr. McEntee's autumn poem in the North Room is unwontedly rich in color. Mr. Hubbard's "Glimpse of the Valley of the Saco," painted quickly, and for the most part surely, is itself one of the most striking illustrations of the changed surroundings of many Academic studios. Still more striking is Professor J. F. Weir's "Morning."



THE NEW SENATE CHAMBER IN THE STATE CAPITOL, ALBANY.—Drawn by C. Graham.—[See Page 238.]

FLOWERS FOR THE HOSPITALS.—A. F. Bellows, N.A.



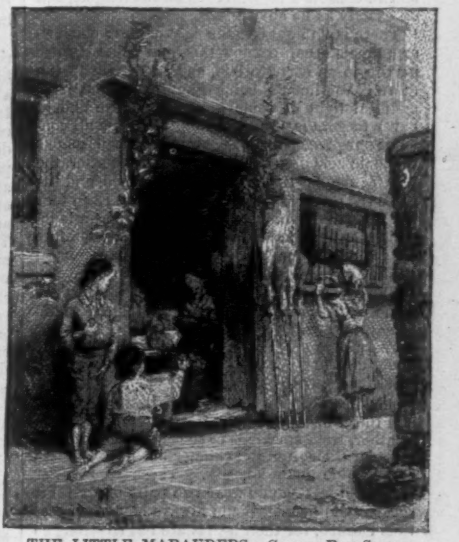
SUNSET, GOWANUS BAY.—Henry Farrar.

THE CHALLENGE.—J. G. Brown, N.A.

A VIDETTE, U.S.A.—Edward Sanguinetti.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.—J. Wells Champney.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.—R. M. Shurtleff.



THE LITTLE MARAUDERS.—Calvin Rae Smith.

A SOUTH-SIDE LANE, LONG ISLAND.—Charles H. Miller, N.A.

AUTUMN WOODS.—Jervis McEntee, N.A.

A MISTY AFTERNOON IN VENICE.—Samuel Colman, N.A.

A PURITAN MAIDEN.—Douglas Volk.

RICHELIEU AND JULIE.—V. Tojetti.

"THE FUNDING BILL."—Eastman Johnson.

AN IDYL OF THE LAKE.—Henry A. Loop, N.A.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Charles M. Kurtz's "American Academy Notes for 1881."—[See Page 235.]

HEAT AND LIGHT.

The best temperature at which to keep a room, for health's sake, is about 69° or 70°, above the mantel-piece. Less than this is far more agreeable to many, and a greater degree of heat is unwholesome, to say nothing of the danger of catching a chill on going out from a room so heated. Elderly people should never put on a cold and unaired overcoat before going out-of-doors in winter; it takes but a few moments to warm, so there is no need to run any risk. It does no harm, either, to warm both fingers and toes before going out; then, if a brisk walk be taken, there is little fear of any sudden or dangerous lowering of the animal heat. Walking can be done with greater ease and comfort if the clothes be light; and it is a very easy thing to have them made of materials that are both light and warm. The chest in people advanced in years needs all the protection you can give it; and here I tell you something worth remembering: the back requires protection from the cold as much if not more than the breast, and yet protectors are nearly always worn on the chest only—a mistake that is fatal to thousands. The custom of taking cordials, generally of a vinous nature, to keep up the animal heat, is a very bad one. Never take a cordial of any kind if you can really do without it. If one be very weakly in constitution, he should consult a medical man on the subject, and do exactly as he advises.

There is no light like the light of day; the lower animals seem to know this, and make it their maxim to go early to bed, and be astir with the dawn. We human beings, however, must have artificial light of some kind, though we should never forget that candles, lamps, and gas all consume our precious oxygen, and produce poisonous carbonic acid gas; and the larger the burner, the greater the amount of oxygen consumed, and the more the need for perfect ventilation. Even four per cent. of carbonic acid gas in a bedroom is injurious to health and dangerous to life; therefore I warn my readers against the too common habit of burning lights all night. For many reasons, too numerous here to specify, sleeping in the dark is more refreshing than in a glare of light, whether natural or artificial.

Everybody should wear some kind of flannel under-clothing all the year round; though, if I must make an exception, let me advise them that flannel be worn in winter and silk in summer; and this I mean to refer also to a change, in hot weather, from stockings or socks of wool to those made of the softer and thinner but none the less comfortable material, silk. Those who suffer from cold feet should wear two pairs of *light* soft socks. Old people should always have their feet thus clothed, for their hearts are not so strong as they were in by-gone days, and can not pump the warm blood to the extremities with the force they were wont to. Few things are more destructive to, or rather, I should say, few things tend more to waste, the animal heat than cold feet and cold hands. The old among us should protect both, not forgetting that the spring and winter months are particularly fatal to those advanced in life.

The aged ought to wear a flannel rather than a cotton night dress; it should be of sufficient length, too, to cover the limbs, and bed-socks should also be worn; these should be of the lightest, softest wool that can be procured. They should have a sufficient quantity of bedclothes, and no more, each blanket being light and soft; but heavy counterpanes should never be slept under, for the weight of them makes sleep fatiguing, instead of refreshing, as it ought to be.

THE NEW SENATE-CHAMBER.

The new Senate-Chamber at Albany, although not fully completed, surpasses in magnificence any legislative hall on this continent, and rivals many of those in the Old World. No representation of it in mere black and white, either in picture or in type, can do it justice. The harmony of proportions, elaborateness of carving, richness and variety of color, and general elegance of detail make up an effect that must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Our artist's view is taken from one of the galleries looking in the direction of the desk of the Lieutenant-Governor, and just beyond that toward the entrance to his room. Of the nine windows on the south wall, the three lower ones are large, and the six upper ones smaller. Two of the large windows are filled with disks of stained glass, which shade from browns and rubies near the floor through olives and golden hues to the semicircular tops, which are filled with varied iridescent and opalescent tints. The central window is obscured by the reredos behind the president's desk, which rises to the spring of the window arches, but does not cover the semicircular window head, which, like the others, is filled with many-hued opalescent glass.

These windows are arched, and the stone mouldings above and below them are carved with intricate and delicate patterns of interwoven lace-like forms, and a carved band of stone divides the lower part of each window from the semicircular upper light. The capitals of the angle columns are more heavily cut into conventional forms taken from oak leaves and other foliage.

The wall between the upper and the lower windows is panelled with Mexican onyx of a variety of colors, cut into slabs three feet square, and framed with slightly convex rails of Siena marble, the mottled reds, yellows, and browns of which contrast with the tints of the onyx. The wall space above the upper windows is to be filled in with lead, heavily gilt and highly ornamented, constituting a sort of frieze.

Above the broad frieze of beaten gold, and terminating the wall, are the massive carved beams of oak, more than four feet in depth, which constitute the frame-work of the ceiling. These great beams are supported on stone corbels sunk into the walls, and projecting under the beams. The corbels are now rough masses of stone, but are to be carved into bold and vigorous forms derived from foliage and flowers. On each side of the chamber above the lower wall of marble are three great arched spaces, occupying nearly the whole width of the wall, and disclosing the galleries. These arches are supported by four massive columns of a dark red-brown granite, with capitals of whitish marble elaborately carved. Hanging directly in front of each of the arches opening upon the galleries is a large and carefully wrought chandelier made of bronze in the corona form.

The furniture of the room is in keeping with its surroundings. The Lieutenant-Governor's and Clerk's desk is a massive affair, built entirely of solid mahogany. It extends eleven feet out into the room, and the width covers a space of nearly twenty feet. The shape of the Clerk's part is straight in front, with quarter-circle corners, while the Lieutenant-Governor's is almost semicircular in form. The faces of both desks are laid in panels, and carving of exquisite design is liberally distributed wherever it can tend to beautify. The individual desk of the Clerk, which is two feet square in front, and rests on top of his desk proper, is entirely of carving, the design being the coat of arms of the State, which is cut out in bold relief. The Lieutenant-Govenor's desk, besides the panels, has but a simple border of carved work around the top, and is ten feet wide and seven feet nine inches deep.

The Senators' desks are of mahogany. The uprights are carved, as is also the support for the files on the top. The lid opens, and there is also a drawer, under which is a place for documents. Inclosing this portion are rows on three sides of carved upright rounds. The chairs, elegant in design, are especially made for comfort. The pattern tends on the antique. The four uprights are of mahogany, the two back ones being neat and plain, while those in front extend above the arm, and are surmounted by a carved bird's head. The lower end that rests on the floor represents an animal's claw. Very easy cushions, covered with red leather, are on the back, seat, and the arms, which are supported by carved rungs. The committee-room chairs are quite plain. The back is straight, with a panel across the top, and rounds extending from it to the seat, which is of red leather. The frame-work is of oak, without much carving.

The large settees for privileged spectators are placed against the walls under the galleries. They are ten feet high, and are of mahogany elaborately carved. Around the front of the Clerk's desk are the reporters' chairs, which are very simple in form, but substantial and comfortable. They have convenient side rests, to be used as desks on which to write. The carpet on the floors is of Persian design with a ground of a dark grayish-blue, inclining toward green, upon which is spread an open and broadly treated pattern of curious Persian flowers and leaves on a vine-like stem in warm colors, such as brownish-red and orange, yellowish-gray, pink, brown, yellow, and juicy olives, all in subdued tones.

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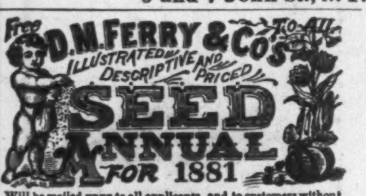

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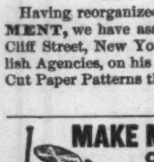

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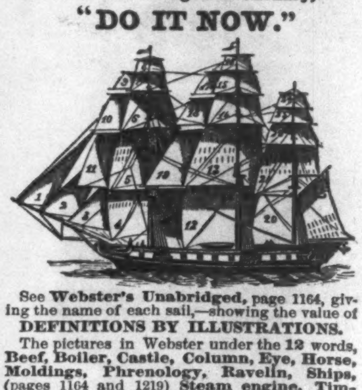

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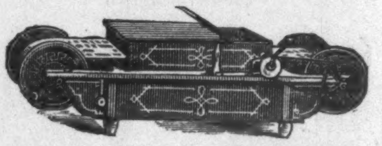

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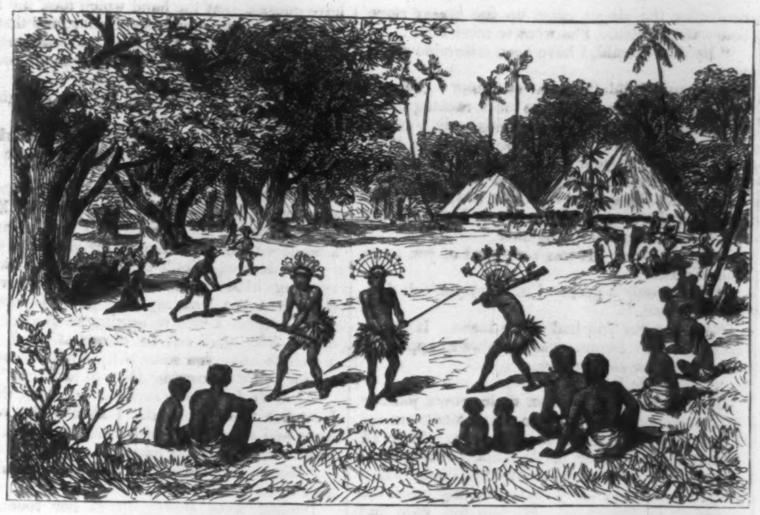
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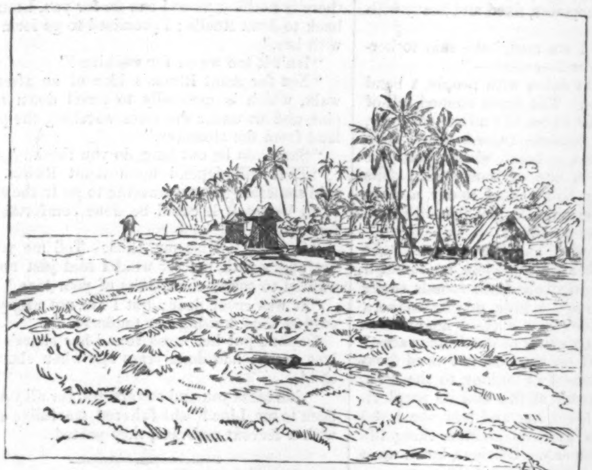
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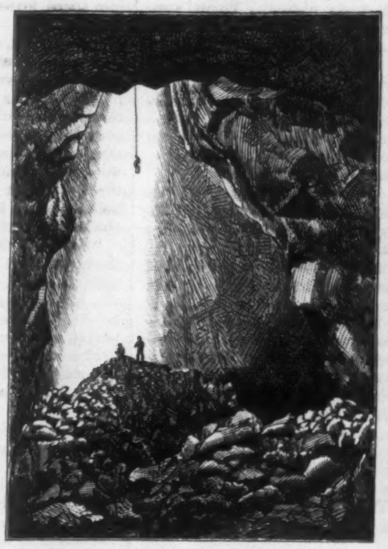
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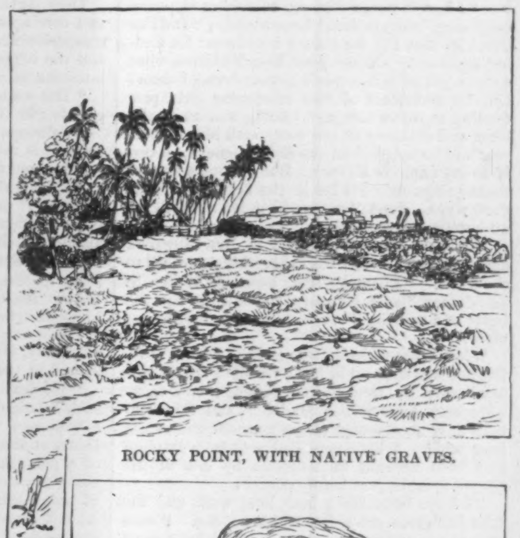
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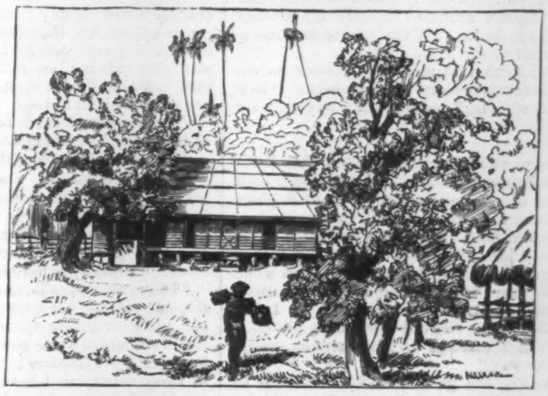
HEAD OF A CHIEF.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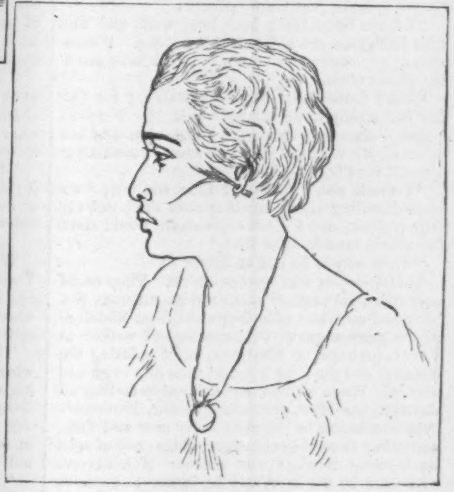
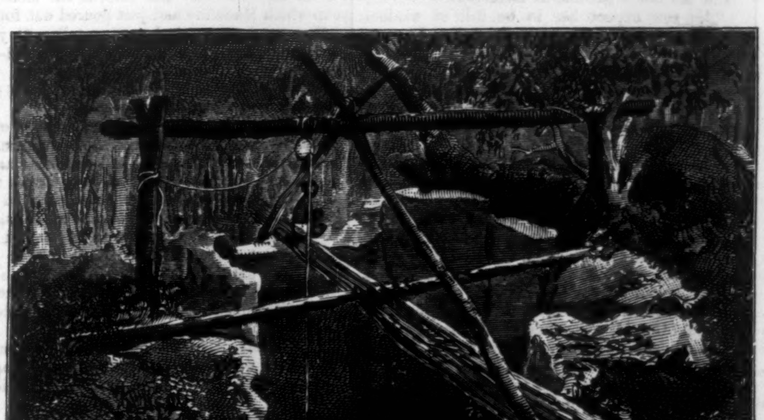

CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.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WARRIOR IN FULL COSTUME.

SKETCHES IN THE ISLAND OF ROTUMAH.

ROTUMAH.

THIS island, which has recently been annexed to the English colony of Feejee, belongs to the neighboring group of Friendly or Tonga Islands. They were discovered in 1643 by the Dutch navigator TASMAN, and later visited and described by Captain COOK, who gave them the name of Friendly on account of the apparently hospitable disposition of the natives; but it was afterward discovered that they were as treacherous and cruel as other Polynesians. The group consists of thirty-two large and one hundred and fifty small islands, about thirty of which are inhabited. The climate is healthy, although the rain-fall, which is very heavy, makes the atmosphere humid. Earthquakes are very frequent, but never of a destructive character, generally nothing more than tremblings of the ground. Terrific hurricanes often sweep over the group, and lay waste the villages and plantations. The natives, most of whom have embraced Christianity, cultivate most of the products that grow in the South Pacific, and they build very comfortable houses of light material. The principal island is called Tongataboo, or the Sacred Isle. It is about twenty miles long and twelve broad, low and level, nowhere rising more than sixty feet above the sea. In pagan times the Tongese priests resided there, and exercised their authority over the rest of the group. Many of the natives have learned to read and write both in their own language and in English, and a few have been taught a little arithmetic and geography. As a rule, the Tongese are finer-looking than their neighbors the Feejeeans, and appear to be more capable of learning from the whites. The Wesleyan missionaries have established several stations in the islands, but a large portion of the natives have come under the influence of the Church of Rome.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"FOR LOVE AND NOT FOR HATE THOU MUST BE DED."

WHEN Daphne and Gerald were gone, and the fair woodland scene was empty, a third figure came slowly out of the fir grove, a substantial form clad in a rusty black silk gown, short petticoats, side-laced cashmere boots, and a bonnet which was only thirty years behind the prevailing fashion. This antique form belonged to Jane Mowser, who carried a little basket of an almost infantine shape, and who had been gathering wild strawberries for her afternoon refreshment. While thus engaged she had espied Daphne's white frock gleaming athwart the dark stems of the firs, and had contrived to skirt the pathway, and keep the young lady in view. Thus she had been within ear-shot when Daphne and Gerald Goring met, and had heard the greater part of their conversation. "I've known it and foreseen it. I knew it would come to this from the very beginning," she muttered, breathlessly; "and I'm thankful that I'm the chosen instrument for finding them out. Oh, my poor Miss Madoline, what a viper you have nourished in your loving bosom! Oh, the artfulness of that anteloping girl! pretending to reject him, and leading him on all the time, and meaning to run away with him to-morrow and be married on the sly at Geneva, as truly as my name is Mowser. But I'll put a stop to their goings-on. I'll let in the light upon their dark ways. Jane Mowser will prove a match for an antelope and a traitor."

The little basket trembled in Mrs. Mowser's agitated grasp, as she trotted briskly down hill to the hotel. "I'll make their baseness known to Sir Vernon," said Mowser; "and if he has the heart of a man, he'll crush that fair-haired young viper."

When seven o'clock came and the table d'hôte, Daphne was shut up in her own room with a bad headache; Mr. Goring was missing; and there were only Aunt Rhoda, Madoline, and Edgar to take their accustomed places near one end of the long table. A little pencilled note from Daphne had been brought to Madoline by one of the chambermaids, just before dinner:

"I have been for a long, long walk, and the heat has given me a dreadful headache. Please excuse my coming to dinner. I will have some tea in my room."

"That foolish girl has been walking too far for her strength, no doubt!" said Mrs. Ferrers. "She is always in extremes. But what has become of Mr. Goring? Has he been overwalking himself too?"

"I think not," answered Lina, smiling; "we were dawdling about together near the hotel till four o'clock, and I don't suppose he would start for a long ramble after that."

"Then why is he not at dinner?"

This question was unanswerable. They could only speculate vaguely about the absent one. Nobody had seen him after he parted from Madoline at the garden gate. Perhaps he had walked to Vevey, perhaps to Montreux, miscalculating the distance and the time it would take him to go and return. There was an uncomfortable feeling all through the slow, protracted dinner, Madoline's eyes wandering to the door every now and then, expecting to see Gerald enter; Edgar out of spirits because Daphne was absent; Mrs. Ferrers overcome by the heat, and beginning to perceive that Swiss scenery was a delight of which one might become weary.

Dinner came to its formal close in the shape of an unripe dessert, and there was still no sign of Gerald. Edgar went up to the corridor, and knocked at Daphne's door to inquire if her head were better.

She answered from within, in a weary voice,

"Thanks; no! It is aching awfully. Please don't trouble yourself about me. Go for a nice walk with Lina."

"Don't you think, if you were to come out and sit in the garden, the cool evening air would do you good?"

"I couldn't lift my head from the pillow."

"Then you will not be well enough to go back to Montreux to-morrow morning? We had better put off the journey."

"On no account. I shall be quite well to-morrow. It is only a headache. Please go away and enjoy your evening."

"As if I could enjoy life without you. Good-night, darling; God bless you!"

"Good-night," replied the tired voice, and he went away sorrowing.

He went down into the garden with a moody, dejected air and joined Lina, who was sitting in a spot where the view of valley below and the height above was loveliest; but Lina was scarcely more cheerful than Edgar. She was beginning to feel seriously uneasy at Gerald's absence.

"You don't think anything can have happened—any accident?" she asked, falteringly.

"Do you mean that he can have tumbled off a precipice? Hardly likely. A man who has climbed Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau would hardly come to grief hereabouts. I think the worst that has befallen him is to have lost his dinner."

They sat in the garden till the valley and lake below were folded in darkness, and the moon was climbing high above the dark fir-trees and the gray granite peak, and then Lina's heart was lightened by the sound of a sympathetic tenor voice, whose every tone she knew, singing "La dona e mobile," in notes that came nearer and nearer as the singer came up the grassy slope below the garden. She went to meet him.

"My dear Gerald, I have been miserable about you."

"Because I didn't appear at dinner? Forgive me, dearest. The heat gave me a racking headache, and I thought a tremendous walk was the only way to cure it. I have been down to Montreux, and seen your father, who is pining for your return. He looked quite scared when I dashed into the garden where he was reading his paper on the terrace by the lake. I was not ten minutes at Montreux altogether."

"Dear father! It was very good of you to go and see him."

"It was only a peep. I'm sorry you felt fidgety about me."

"I am sorry you had a headache. It seems an epidemic. Daphne was not able to appear at dinner for the same reason."

"Poor little Daphne!"

They were to start upon their return journey early next morning, so as to reach Montreux before the tropical heat of afternoon. They all breakfasted together in Madoline's sitting-room between six and seven, Aunt Rhoda, who was a great advocate of early rising, looking much the sleepiest of the party. Daphne was pale and spiritless, but, as she declared herself perfectly well, nobody could say anything to her.

They started at seven o'clock. There were two carriages, a roomy landau, and a vehicle of composite shape and long service for Mowser and the luggage. Daphne at once declared her intention of walking.

"The walk down hill, through fields and orchards and vineyards, will be lovely," she said.

"Delicious!" exclaimed Edgar; "but don't you think it is rather too far for a walk?"

"Are you too lazy to walk with me?"

"I don't think you need insult me by such a question;" on which Daphne set out without another word, waving her hand lightly to Madoline as she vanished at a turn of the road.

Gerald Goring handed the two ladies to their seats in the landau, and took his place facing them. He had a listless, worn-out look, as if his pedestrianism last night had exhausted him.

"You are not looking well, Gerald," Lina said, anxiously, disturbed at seeing how haggard he looked in the clear morning light.

"My dearest, who could possibly look well in such a languid atmosphere as this? We are in a vaporous basin, shut in by a circle of hills. Down at Montreux it is like being at the bottom of a gigantic forcing-pit; here, though we fancy ourselves ever so high, we are only on the side of the incline. The wall still rises above us. At this season we ought to be at Davos or Pontresina."

"Those are the only places people go to nowadays," said Mrs. Ferrers, discontentedly. "I shall be almost ashamed to tell my friends where I have been. All the people one meets in society go to the Engadine."

"I don't think that idea need prevent us enjoying this lovely scenery," said Madoline; "look at Daphne and Mr. Turchill, what a way they are below us."

They were at Montreux before ten o'clock, Sir Vernon delighted to have his elder daughter back again, and even inquiring civilly about Daphne, who had not yet arrived, despite the tremendous spurt she and Edgar had begun with.

"That is just like Daphne," said her father, when he was told how she had insisted on walking all the way. "She is always beginning something tremendous, and never finishing it. I dare say we shall have Turchill down here presently in search of a carriage to bring her the second half of the way."

"Yesterday she gave herself a headache by roaming about the hills," said Aunt Rhoda; "she has not a particle of discretion."

"Do you expect her to be full of wisdom at eighteen, auntie?" asked Madoline, deprecatingly.

"I can only say, my dear, that at eighteen I was not a fool," replied Mrs. Ferrers, sourly; and Lina did not argue the question further, knowing but too well how her aunt was affected toward Daphne.

The pedestrians made their appearance five minutes later, none the worse for their long walk through fields and vineyards, and across cottage gardens and orchards—a walk full of interest and diversity. Daphne, flushed with exercise, looked ever so much better than she had looked at breakfast, where she had been without appetite even for her beloved rolls and honey.

"I have a little business to arrange in Geneva," said Gerald, while they were all sitting about the airy drawing-room in a purposeless way, before settling down into their old quarters and old habits. "I think I shall take the train, as the quicker way, and then I can be back to dinner."

Madoline looked surprised.

"Have you anything very important to do in Geneva?" she asked; "you never said anything about it before."

"No; it's not very important. I'll tell you all about it—afterward. Good-by till dinner-time. You must be tired after your morning drive, and you won't feel inclined for much excursionizing to-day."

"I'm afraid we've seen everything there is to be seen within a manageable distance," said Mrs. Ferrers, rather dolefully.

Daphne was sitting near the door. She had dropped into a low deep chair, and sat with her straw hat in her lap, full of wild flowers which she had gathered on the way down. Gerald stooped as he passed her, and took one of the half-withered blossoms—things so fragile in their delicate beauty that they faded as soon as plucked—and put it in his breast. The act was so carelessly done that no one seeing it would have perceived any significance in it, or could have guessed that the hand which took the flower trembled with suppressed feeling, and that the heart against which it lay beat loud with passion.

"I am going to make all arrangements for our marriage," he said, in a low voice.

"Good-by," she answered, looking straight up at him.

He was gone. Her gaze followed him slowly to the door, and lingered there; then she rose and gathered up her flowers.

"I think I'll go to my room and lie down," she said to Madoline. "Please don't let Edgar come worrying about me. Tell him to amuse himself without my company for once in a way."

"My dearest, I don't think he has an idea of amusing himself without you in Switzerland. How tired you look, my poor pet! Go and lie down, and get a nice refreshing sleep after your walk. You shall not be disturbed till I come myself to bring you some tea. That will be better for you than coming down to luncheon."

"I don't feel much inclined for sleep, though I confess to being tired. I should like you to come and sit with me for a little, Lina, soon after luncheon, if you don't mind."

"Mind! My darling, as if I were not always glad to be with you."

Daphne went slowly up to her room, very slowly, with automatic steps, as one who walks in his sleep. The dark gray eyes looked straight into space, joyless, hopeless, fixed and heavy with despair.

"He is mad, and I am mad," she said to herself. "How can it end—except—"

A steamer went by laden with people, a band playing a waltz tune. The world seemed full of thoughtless souls, for whom life meant only idle, empty pleasures. Daphne turned away from that sun-lit scene sick at heart, wishing that she were lying quietly in one of those green dells through which they had passed to-day, a leafy hollow hidden in the hill-side, and that life were ebbing away without an effort.

"Seneca was a wise and learned man," she thought; "but with all his wisdom he found it difficult to die. Cleopatra's death sounds easier—a basket of fruit and a little gliding snake, a bright, pretty creature that a child might have played with, and been stung to death unawares."

She threw herself on the bed, not tired from her walk, which seemed as nothing to the lithe, active limbs, but weary of life and its perplexities. Oh, how he loved her, and how she loved him! And what a glorious godlike thing life would be in his company. Glorious, but it must not be; godlike, but honor barred the way.

"Oh, God! let me never forget what she has been to me!" she prayed, with clasped hands, with all her soul in that prayer—"sister, mother, all the world of love, and protection, and comfort—teach me to be true to her; teach me to be loyal."

For two long hours she lay, broad awake, in a blank, tearless despair; and then the door was gently opened, and Madoline came softly into the room and seated herself by the bed. Daphne was lying with her face to the wall. She did not turn immediately, but stretched out her hand to her sister without a word.

"Dearest, your hand is burning hot; you must be in a fever," said Madoline.

"No; there is nothing the matter with me."

"I'm afraid there is. I'm afraid that walk was too fatiguing. I have ordered some tea for you." The maid brought it in as she spoke; not Mowser; Mowser had kept herself aloof with an air of settled gloom ever since her return to Montreux. "I hope you have had a nice long sleep."

"I have not been able to sleep much," answered Daphne, turning her languid head upon her pillow, and then sitting up on the bed, a listless figure in a tumbled white gown, with loose hair falling over her shoulders; "I have not been able to sleep much, but I have been resting. Don't trouble about me, Lina dear. I am very well. What delicious tea!" she said, as she tasted the cup which Madoline had just poured out for her. "How good you are! I want to talk with you—to have a long, serious talk—about you and—Mr. Goring."

"Indeed, dear. It is not often my lively sister has any inclination for seriousness."

"No; but I have been thinking deeply of late about long engagements, and short engagements, and love before marriage, and love after marriage—don't you know." Her eyes were hidden under their drooping lids, but her color changed from pale to rose and from rose to pale as she spoke.

"And what wise thoughts have you had upon the subject, dearest?" asked Lina, lightly.

"I can hardly explain them; but I have been thinking—you know that I am not desperately in love with—poor Edgar. I have never pretended to be so. Have I, dear?"

"You have always spoken lightly of him; but it is your way to speak lightly of everything, and I hope and believe that he is much more dear to you than you say he is."

"He is not. I respect him, because I know how good he is; but that is all. And do you know, Lina, I have sometimes fancied that your feeling for Mr. Goring is not much stronger than mine for Edgar. You are attached to him; you have an affection for him which has grown out of long acquaintance and habit—an almost sisterly affection; but you are not passionately in love with him. If he were to die, you would be grieved, but you would not be heart-broken." She said this slowly, deliberately, her eyes no longer downcast, but reading her sister's face.

"Daphne!" cried Madoline, "how dare you? How can you be so cruel? Not love him! Why, you know that I have loved him, ever since I was a child, with a love which every day of my life has made stronger—a love that is so rooted in my heart that I can not imagine what life would be like without him. I am not impulsive or demonstrative—I do not talk about those things which are most dear and most sacred in my life, simply because they are too sacred to be spoken about. If he were—to die—if I were to lose him—no, I can not think of that. It is heartless of you to put such thoughts into my mind. My life has been all sunshine—a calm, happy life. God may be keeping some great grief in store for my later days. If it were to come, I should bow beneath the rod; but my heart would break all the same."

"And if the grief took another shape—if he were to be false to you?" said Daphne, laying her hand, icy cold now, upon her sister's.

"That would be worse," answered Lina, huskily; "it would kill me."

Daphne said not a word more. Her hands were clasped, as in prayer; the dark, sorrowful eyes were lifted, and the lips moved dumbly.

"I ought not to have talked of such things, dear," she said, gently, after that voiceless prayer. "It was very foolish."

Lina was profoundly agitated. That calm and gentle nature was capable of strongest feeling. The image of a terrible sorrow—a sorrow which, however unlikely, was not impossible—once evoked, was not to be banished in a moment.

"Yes; it was foolish, Daphne," she answered, tremulously. "No good can ever come of such thoughts. We are in God's hands. We can only be happy in this life with fear and trembling, for our joy is so easily turned into sorrow. And now, dear, if you are quite comfortable, and there is nothing more I can do for you, I must go back to Aunt Rhoda; I promised to go for a walk with her."

"Isn't it too warm for walking?"

"Not for Aunt Rhoda's idea of an afternoon walk, which is generally to stroll down to the pier, and sit under the trees watching the people land from the steamers."

"Shall you be out long, do you think?"

"That will depend upon Aunt Rhoda. She said something about wanting to go in the steamer to Vevey, if it could be done comfortably before dinner."

"Good-by! Kiss me, Lina. Tell me you are not angry with me for what I said just now. I wanted to sound the depths of your love."

"It was cruel, dear; but I am not angry," answered Lina, kissing her tenderly.

Daphne put her arms round her sister's neck, just as she had done years ago when she was a child.

"God bless you and reward you for all you have been to me, Lina!" she faltered, tearfully; and so, with a fervent embrace, they parted.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"IS THERE NO GRACE? IS THERE NO REMEDIE?"

WHEN the door closed on Madoline, Daphne rose and changed her crumpled muslin for a dressing-gown, and brushed the bright silky hair and rolled it up in a loose knot at the back of her head, and bathed her feverish face, and put on a fresh gown, and made herself altogether a respectable young person. Then she seated herself before her dressing-table, which was littered all over with trinket-boxes and miscellaneous trifles more or less indispensable to a young lady's happiness.

She had acquired a larger collection of jewelry than is usually possessed by a girl of eighteen.

There were all Madoline's birthday and New-Year gifts: rings, lockets, bracelets, brooches, all in simplest style, as became her youth, but all valuable after their kind. And there were Edgar's presents: a broad gold bracelet set with pearls to match her necklace, a locket with her own and her lover's initials interwoven in a diamond monogram, a diamond and turquoise cross, and the engagement ring—a half-hoop of magnificent opals.

She put all her lover's presents together, and packed them neatly in a sheet of drawing-paper, the largest and strongest kind of wrapper she could find. Then when she had lighted her taper and carefully sealed this packet, she wrote upon it: "For Edgar, with Daphne's love"—a curious way in which to return a jilted lover's gifts.

Then she sat for some time with the rest of her treasures spread out before her on the table where she wrote her letters, and finally she packed up each trinket separately, and wrote on each packet. On one, "For Madame Tolmache"; on another, "For Miss Toby"; on a third, "For Martha Dibb." On a box containing her neatest brooch she wrote, "For dear old Spicer." There were others inscribed with other names. She forgot no one; and then at the last she sat looking dreamily at a little ring, the first she had ever worn, best loved of all her jewels—a single heart-shaped turquoise, set in a slender circlet of plain gold. Madoline had sent it to her on her thirteenth birthday. The gold was worn and bent with long use, but the stone had kept its color.

"I should like him to have something that was mine," she said to herself; and then she put the ring into a tiny card-board box, and sealed it in an envelope, on which she wrote with a trembling hand, "For Mr. Goring."

This was the last of her treasures, except the pearl necklace which she always wore—her amulet, as she called it—and now she put all the neat little packages carefully away in her desk, and on the top of them she laid a slip of paper on which she had written:

"If I should die suddenly, please let these parcels be given as I have directed."

This task being accomplished at her leisure, and the desk locked, she went once more to the open window and looked out at the lake. The atmosphere and expression of the scene had changed since she looked at it last. The vivid dancing brightness of morning was gone, and the mellow light of afternoon touched all things with its pensive radiance. The joyousness of the picture had fled. Its beauty was now more in har-

mony with Daphne's soul. While she was standing there in an idle reverie, a peremptory tap came at the door.

"Come in," she answered, mechanically, without turning her head.

It was Mowser, whose severe countenance appeared round the half-open door.

"If you please, Miss Daphne, Sir Vernon wishes to speak with you, immediate, in his study."

Seldom in Daphne's life had such a message reached her. Sir Vernon had not been in the habit of seeking private conferences with his younger daughter. He had given her an occasional lecture *en passant;* but however he might have disapproved the flightiness of her conduct, he had never summoned her to his presence for a scolding in cold blood.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked, hurriedly; but Mowser had disappeared.

She went slowly down the broad shallow staircase, and to the room which her father had made his private apartment. It was one of the best rooms in the house, facing the lake, and sheltered from the glare of the sun by a couple of magnificent magnolia-trees, which shaded the lawn in front of the windows. It was a large room with a polished floor, and pretty Swiss furniture, carved cabinets, and a carved chimney-piece, and a little blue china clock set in a garland of carved flowers.

Sir Vernon was seated at his writing-table, grim, stern-looking, his open dispatch-box before him in the usual official style. A little way off sat Edgar Turchill, his folded arms resting on the back of a high chair, his face hidden. It was the attitude of profound despondency, or even of despair. One glance at her father's face, and then at that lowered head and clinched hands, told Daphne what was coming.

"You sent for me," she faltered, standing in the middle of the bare polished floor, and looking straight at her father fearlessly, for there is a desperate sorrow which knows not fear.

"Yes, madam," replied Sir Vernon, in his severest voice. "I sent for you to tell you, in the presence of the man who was to have been your husband, that your abominable treachery has been discovered."

"I am not treacherous," she answered, "only miserable, the most miserable girl that ever lived."

Edgar lifted up his face, and looked at her with such a depth of tender reproachfulness, with such ineffable pity as made his homely countenance altogether beautiful.

"I hoped I should have made you happy," he said. "God knows I tried hard enough."

She neither answered nor looked at him. Her eyes were fixed upon her father—solemn, tearless eyes, a marble, passionless face—she stood motionless, as if awaiting judgment.

"You are the falsest and the vilest girl that ever lived," retorted Sir Vernon. "Perhaps I ought hardly to be surprised at that. Your mother was—"

"For God's sake, spare her!" cried Edgar, huskily, stretching out his arm as if to ward off a blow, and the word on Sir Vernon's lips remained unspoken. "That is no fault of hers. Let her bear her own burden."

"She ought to find it heavy enough, if she has a heart or a conscience," cried Sir Vernon, passionately. "But I don't believe she has either. If she had a shred of self-respect, or common gratitude, or honor, or womanly feeling, she would not have stolen her sister's lover."

"I did not steal him," answered Daphne, resolutely. "His heart came to me of its own accord. We both fought hard against Fate. And even now there is no harm done; it has been only a foolish fancy of Mr. Goring's; he will forget all about it when I am—far away. I will never look in his face again. I will go to the uttermost end of the earth, to my grave, rather than stand between him and Madoline. Oh, father, father, you who have always been so hard with me, do you remember that day at South Hill, directly after Mr. Goring came home, when I begged you, on my knees, to send me back to school; to France, or Germany, anywhere, so that I should be far away from my happy home—and from him?"

Her tears came at this bitter memory. Yes, she had fought the good fight, but so vainly, to such little purpose!

"I knew that I was weak," she sobbed, "and I wanted to be saved from myself. But I am not so wicked as you think. I never tried to steal Mr. Goring's heart. I have never imagined the possibility of my being in any way the gainer by his inconstancy. I have told myself always that his love for me was a passing folly, of which he would be cured, as a man is cured of a fever. I do not know what you have been told about him and me, or who is your informant; but if you have been told the truth, you must know that I have been true to my sister—even in my misery."

"My informant saw you in Mr. Goring's arms; my informant heard his avowal of love, and your promise to run away with him, and be married at Geneva."

"It is false. I made no such promise. I never meant to run away. I would die a hundred deaths rather than injure Madoline. I am glad you know the truth. And you, Edgar, I have tried to love you, my poor dear; I have prayed that I might become attached to you, and be a good wife to you in the days to come. I have been honest, I have been loyal. Ask Mr. Goring, by-and-by, if it is not so. He knows, and only he can know, the truth. Father, Madoline need never be told that her lover has wavered. She must not know. Do you understand? she must not! It would break her heart, it would kill her. He will forget me when I am far away—gone out of his sight forever. He will forget me; and the old, holier, truer love will return in all its strength and purity. All this pain and folly will seem no more to him than a feverish dream. Pray do not let her know."

"Do you think I would do her so great a wrong as to let her marry a traitor? a false-hearted scoundrel, who can smile in her face, and make love to her sister behind her back. She is a little too good to have your leavings foisted upon her."

"If you tell her, you will break her heart."

"That will lie at your door. I would rather see her in her coffin than married to a villain."

Edgar rose slowly from his seat and moved toward the door. He had nothing to do with this discussion. His mind could hardly enter into the question of Gerald Goring's treachery. It was Daphne who had betrayed him; Daphne who had deceived him, and mocked him with sweet words; Daphne whose liking had seemed more precious to him than any other woman's love, because he believed that no other man had ever touched the virginal unawakened heart. And now he was told that she could love passionately, that she could give kiss for kiss, and rain tears upon a lover's breast, that from first to last he had been her victim and her dupe!

"Good-by, Daphne!" he said, very quietly. "I am going home as fast as train and boat can take me. I would have been contented to take something less than your love, believing that I should win your heart in time, but not to take a wife whose heart belonged to another man. You told me there was no one else; you told me your heart was free."

"I told you there was no one else who had ever cared for me," faltered Daphne, remembering her equivocating answer that evening at South Hill.

"I don't want to reproach you, Daphne. I am very sorry for you."

Edgar was gone. Daphne and her father were alone, the girl still standing on the very spot where she had stood when she first came into the room.

"I have told you nothing but the truth," she said. "Why are you so hard with me?"

"Hard with you!" he echoed, getting up from before his desk and looking at her with vindictive eyes as he moved slowly toward the door. "How can I be hard enough to you? You have broken my daughter's heart."

"Father!" she cried, falling on her knees and clinging to him in her despair. "Father, is she to have all your love? Have you no tenderness, no pity left for me? Am I not your daughter too?"

"Your mother was my wife," he answered, curtly, pushing her out of his way as he passed from the room.

He was gone. She knelt where he had left her, a desolate figure in the spacious, bright-looking room, the afternoon sun making golden bars upon the brown floor, her yellow hair touched here and there with glintings of yellow light.

She remained in the same attitude for some minutes, her heavy eyelids drooping over tearless eyes, her arms hanging listlessly, her hands loosely clasped. Her mind for a little while was a blank; and then there came into it unawares a verse, taken at random from a familiar hymn:

"The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations,
That death alone can cure."

"That death alone can cure," she repeated slowly, pushing back the loose hair from her eyes; and then she rose from her knees and went out through an open window into the garden.

She went to the toy chalet, the dainty opera-stage boat-house where her boat was kept. There was no friendly Bink here to launch the skiff for her, but the lower part of the boat-house jutted out over the gable, and the boat was always bobbing about in the limpid water. She had only to go down the wooden steps, unmoor her boat, and row away over that wide stretch of placid water, which she had never seen disturbed by a tempest.

As she was stepping into the boat, the dog Monk came bounding and leaping across the grass, and bounced into her arms, putting his huge fore-feet on her shoulders, and sweeping an affectionate tongue over her pallid face. He had not seen her since her return from the hills, and was wild with rapture at the idea of reunion.

"No, Monk, not to-day," she said, gently, as he tried to get into the boat with her—"not to-day, dear, faithful old Monk."

The huge creature could have upset the boat with one bound; and the little hand stretched out to push him back must have been as a fluttering rose leaf against his sinewy breast; but there was a moral force in the blanched face and the steady eye which dominated his brute power. He recoiled, and lifted up his head with a plaintive howl as the boat shot off, the twin sails, the white and scarlet awning, flashing in the sun.

The light boat shot away across the wake of a passing steamer; it shot away, far away, to the middle of the lake; it vanished like a feather blown by a summer breeze: and it never came back again.

The empty boat drifted in-shore at Evian in the gray light of morning, while Gerald Goring, with a couple of Swiss boatmen, was rowing about the lake, stopping to make inquiries at every landing-place, sending scouts in every direction in quest of that missing craft. No one ever knew, no one dared to guess, how it had happened, but every one knew that in some dark spot below that deep blue water Daphne was at rest. The dog had been down by the boat-house all night, howling dismally at intervals through the dark silent hours. He had not left the spot since Daphne's boat glided away from the steps.

It had been a night of anguish and terror for all that household at Montreux, a night of agitation, of alternations of hope and fear. Even Sir Vernon was profoundly moved by anxiety about the daughter to whom he had given so little of his love. He knew that he had been hard and merciless in that last interview. He had thought only of Madoline; and the knowledge that Madoline had been wronged, that the elder sister's lover had been tempted to falsehood by the arts and coquetries of the younger sister, had stung him to a frenzy of anger.

Mowser had told her story with truth as to the main facts, but with such embellishments and heightened coloring as made Daphne appear the boldest and most depraved of her sex. In Mowser's version of that scene in the pine wood there was no hint of temptation resisted, of a noble soul struggling with an unworthy passion, of a tender heart trying to be faithful to sisterly affection, while every impulse of a passionate love tugged the other way. All Mowser could tell was that Miss Daphne had sobbed in Mr. Goring's arms, that he had kissed her, as she, Mowser, had never been kissed, although she had kept company, and been on the brink of marriage with a builder's foreman, and that they had talked of being married at Geneva—leastways Mr. Goring had asked Miss Daphne to run away with him for that purpose, and she had not said no, but had only begged him to give her twenty-four hours—naturally to pack her clothes, and make all needful preparation for flight.

Moved to deepest wrath at the wrong done to Madoline, Sir Vernon's first impulse had been to send for Gerald Goring, in order to come to an immediate understanding with that offender. He was told that Mr. Goring had gone to Geneva, and was not expected home before eight o'clock. He then sent for Edgar, and to that unhappy lover bluntly and almost brutally related the story of Daphne's baseness. Edgar was inclined to disbelieve—nay, even to laugh Mowser's slander to scorn; but Mowser, summoned to a second interview, had stuck resolutely to her text, and was not to be shaken.

"I can't believe it," faltered Edgar, stricken to the heart, "unless I hear it from her own lips."

"Go and fetch her," said Sir Vernon to Mowser, and then had followed Daphne's appearance, and those admissions of hers which told Edgar only too clearly how he had been deceived.

The two men, Gerald and Edgar, passed each other on the railway between Lausanne and Geneva—Edgar on his way to the city, Gerald going back to Montreux. Mr. Goring wondered at seeing his friend's pale face glide slowly by as the two trains crossed at the junction.

"It looks as if she had given him his congé already," he said to himself. "My brave little Daphne!"

He was going back to Montreux with his heart full of hope and gladness. He had taken all the needful measures at Geneva to make his marriage with Daphne an easy matter, would she but consent to marry him. And he had no doubt of her consent. Could a girl love as she loved, and obstinately withhold herself from her lover?

The sun was setting as he approached Montreux, and all the lake was clothed in golden light. Rose-hued mountains, golden lake, smiled at him as if in welcome.

He walked quickly from the station to the villa, eager to see Daphne, to hear her voice, to touch the warm soft hand, and be assured that there was such a being, and that he had not been the dupe of some vision of intangible loveliness, as Shelley's Alastor was in the cavern. That last look of Daphne's haunted him—so direct, so solemn a gaze, so unlike the shy glance of conscious love. Nay, it resembled rather the look of some departed spirit returning from Pluto's drear abode to take its last fond farewell of the living.

The vestibule stood open to the road, an outer hall filled with plants and flowers, an airy Italian-looking entrance. Gerald walked straight in, and to the drawing-room. It was striking eight as he entered.

Mrs. Ferrers and Madoline were standing by the open window looking out. Lina turned, and at the first glimpse of her pale face Gerald knew that there was something wrong. There had been a scene, perhaps, between the sisters. Daphne had betrayed herself and him. Well! The truth must be told very soon now. It were best, perhaps, to precipitate matters.

"We are frightened about Daphne," said Lina; "she went out in her boat a little before five. The gardener saw her leave, and she has not come back yet."

"I don't think there is much cause for alarm in that," he said, trying to speak lightly, yet with a strange terror at his heart. "Shall I get a boat and go after her? I had better, perhaps. She can not be very far off—dawdling about by Chillon, I dare say. Those black walls have a fascination for her."

"Yes, I shall be glad, if you don't mind going. My father seems uneasy. It is so strange that she should stay away three hours without leaving word where she was going. Edgar is out. My aunt and I have not known what to do, and when I told my father just now, he looked dreadfully alarmed."

"I will go this instant, and not come back till I have found her," answered Gerald, huskily.

He was out on the lake all night, with two of the most experienced boatmen in the district, and it was only in the gray of the morning that he heard of the empty boat blown ashore a little below Evian.

The evening had been calm. There had been no accident or collision of any kind on the lake; the little boat showed no sign of injury. It lay on the shingly shore, just as the fishermen had pulled it in; an empty boat. That was all.

Gerald staid at Evian, and from Evian wrote briefly to Madoline, telling her all.

"My life for the last six months has been a tissue of lies," he wrote, "and yet, God knows, I have tried to be true and honest, just as she tried; but she with more purpose—yes, poor child, with much more fidelity, than mine. I wanted to tell you the truth when we were at Fribourg, to make an end of all shams and deceptions, but she would not let me. She meant to hold to her bond with Edgar—to be true to you. She would have persevered in this to the end, if I had let her. But I would not, and she has died rather than do you a wrong. It is my guilt—mine alone. The brand of Cain is on me, and, like Cain, I shall be a wanderer till I die. I do not ask you to forgive me, for I shall never forgive myself; or to pity me, for mine is a grief which pity can not touch. If I could hope that you could ever forget me, there would be comfort in the thought; but I dare not hope for that. You might forget your false lover, but how can you forget Daphne's murderer?"

To this letter Madoline answered, briefly: "You have broken my sister's heart and mine. A little honesty, a little truth, would have spared us both. You might have been happy in your own way, and I might have kept my sister. You are right—I can neither forget nor forgive. I thought, till this trouble came upon me, that I was a Christian: I know now, God help me! how far I am away from Christian feeling. All I can hope or pray about you is that we two may never see each other's faces again. I send you Daphne's legacy."

Inclosed in the letter was the little packet containing the turquoise ring, with "For Mr. Goring" written on the cover in Daphne's dashing penmanship. The hand had not trembled, though the heart beat high, when that superscription was penned.

Sir Vernon staid at Montreux for nearly a month after that fatal summer day, though the very sight of lake and mountain in their inexorable beauty, so far away from all human trouble or human pity, was terrible to him. Madoline urged him to stay. There were hours in which, after many tears and many prayers, faint gleams of hope visited her sorrowful soul. Daphne might not be dead. She might have landed unnoticed at one of those quiet villages, and made her way to some distant place where she could live hidden and unknown. Those farewell gifts left in her desk must needs mean a deliberate departure; but they need not mean death. She might be hiding somewhere, little knowing the agony she was inflicting on those who had loved her, fearing only to be found and taken home. Madoline could fancy her sister self-sacrificing enough to live apart from home and kindred all her days, to earn her bread in a stranger's house. Oh, if it were thus only, and not that other and awful fate—a young life flung away in its flower, a young soul going forth unbidden to meet God's judgment!

"Let us stay a few days longer, father," she pleaded. "We may hear something. There may be some good news."

"God grant that it may be so!" answered Sir Vernon, without a ray of hope.

What of his remorse whose hardness had pressed so heavily upon his child in that last hour of her brief life, whose bitter words had perhaps confirmed the sinner in her desperate resolve, making it very clear to her that this earth held no peaceful haven, that for her there was no fatherly breast on which she could pour out the story of her weakness and her struggle—no friend with the father's sacred name from whom she could ask counsel or seek protection? Alone in her misery, she had sought the one refuge which remained for her—death—believing that by that fatal deed she would secure her sister's peace.

They all remained at Montreux till the end of the month, till autumnal tints were stealing over the landscape, and the happy vintage-time had begun, making all those gentle slopes alive with picturesque figures, every turn in the road a scene for a painter. It was a dreary time for Madoline and her father. Edgar was with them, called back from Geneva by a telegram on the night of Daphne's disappearance. He, like his wretched rival, had been unwearying in his endeavor to obtain some knowledge of Daphne's fate. He had been from village to village, had made his inquiries at every landing-stage along the lake, had availed himself of every local intelligence; but all to no purpose. One of the Vevey boatmen had seen Daphne's light skiff as she rowed swiftly toward the middle of the lake. He saw the little boat dancing in the wake of a steamer, watched it and its girl-owner till it floated into smooth water, and then saw the boat never more.

There had been no reason for an accident upon that particular afternoon; no sudden gust of wind; no mysterious rising of the lake; nothing. In a sultry calm the little boat had last been seen gliding smoothly over the smooth blue water.

The time came when they must go back, when to remain any longer by the lake seemed mere foolishness, a persistent brooding upon sorrow; more especially as Sir Vernon's health had become much worse since this calamity had fallen upon him, and a change of some kind was imperative.

Aunt Rhoda had gone home a week after the fatal day, though to the last expressing herself willing to remain and comfort Madoline.

"You are very kind, aunt, but you could not comfort me. You did not care for her," Lina answered, with a touch of bitterness.

So Mrs. Ferrers, aggrieved at this rebuff, had gone back to her rector, whom she found more painfully affected by Daphne's evil fate than she thought consistent with his clerical character.

"I shall never look at the garden in summertime without thinking of that bright face and girlish figure flitting about among the roses, as I have seen her in the days that are gone," he said. "A man of my age is uncomfortably reminded of his shortening lease of life when the young are taken before him."

And now that bitter day came upon which Madoline was obliged to leave the banks of the fatal